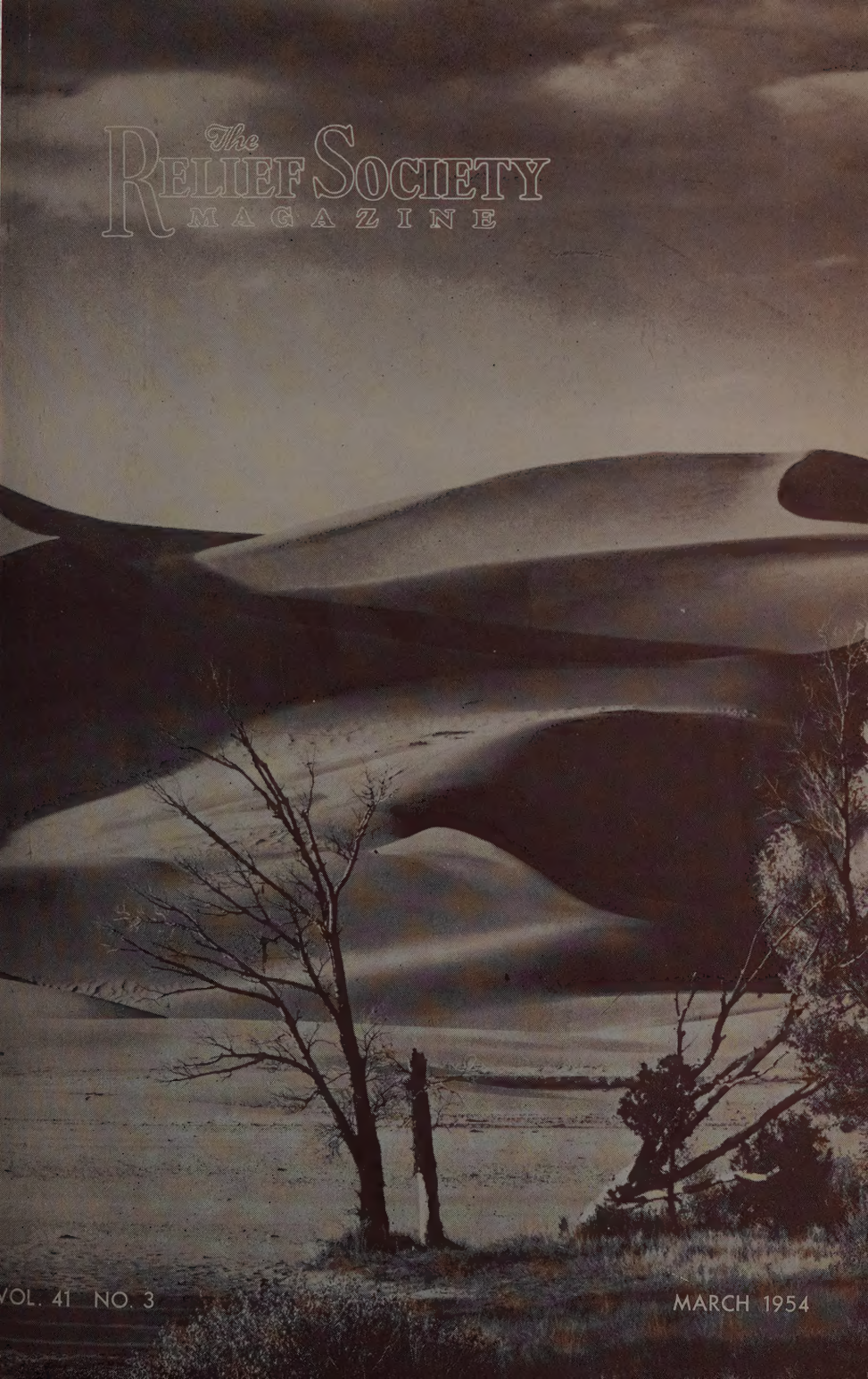

VOL. 41 NO. 3

MARCH 1954

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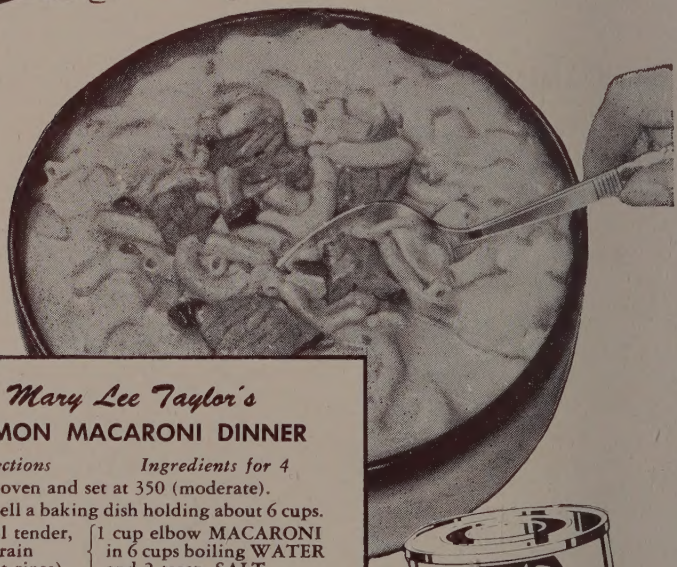

Mary Lee Taylor's
SALMON MACARONI DINNER

Directions	*Ingredients for 4*
Turn on oven and set at 350 (moderate).	
Grease well a baking dish holding about 6 cups.	
Boil until tender, then drain (do not rinse).....	1 cup elbow MACARONI in 6 cups boiling WATER and 2 teasp. SALT
Mix in a 1 or 2-quart bowl.....	1 can canned Cream of CELERY SOUP ⅔ cup SEGO Evaporated Milk ¼ cup finely cut PIMIENTO
Add half of.....	1 cup grated American CHEESE
Stir in macaroni and.....	2 cups (1-lb. can) drained SALMON, broken into pieces

Pour into greased baking dish. Sprinkle rest of cheese around edge of baking dish. Bake on center rack of oven until bubbly hot or about 25 minutes. Serve hot from the dish.

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The Relief Society—A World-Wide Sisterhood

Phyllis Hodgson Holbrook

In every far-flung border land
Where women work and pray
And strive to solve the problems of
A troubled world today,
A new and everlasting hope
Is borne to each who heeds;
A wondrous plan transcends all time
And solves our human needs;
And then the hand of sisterhood
Extends through time and space
To carry love and help and faith
Within its wide embrace.

A universal sisterhood,
Divinely shaped and planned,
Installed on earth to function, by
A mighty Prophet's hand;
To glorify the dignity
By labor and by worth
Of womanhood and motherhood,
And woman's place on earth.
For, though she only shares the grace
The Priesthood's gifts afford,
A woman was the first to see
The resurrected Lord!

As brooklets spread the river's breadth,
As rivers join the sea,
So every land contributes to
The great Society.

The Cover: "The Singing Sands of Alamosa, Colorado, at the base of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains
Photograph by Josef Muench
Frontispiece: Pussywillows and Plum Blossoms
Photograph by Don Knight
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

I wish I could convey to each of you how much the *Magazine* means to our small group here. We are all growing from the messages and inspiration we receive when reading of our sisters in the Church and their activities.

—Mayona Grinder
Kindley Air Force Base
Bermuda

It is wonderful that you are making it possible for us to have the privilege of finding the names of our loved ones in *The Relief Society Magazine*. In looking through the birthday section of the Woman's Sphere department, I became so thrilled to see the name of a woman who was my nearest neighbor when we were children together. Now, I am wondering if she would get the same thrill as I did when she sees my name there. How lovely the contents of the December *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Clara T. Samuels
449 West Broadmoor
San Leandro, California

What wonderful things I found in the October 1953 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. "Portraits of the Signers of the Constitution of the United States" is one of the most interesting and educational articles I have read in a long time. I also enjoyed "The Boyhood of President McKay." All of the poems and stories were interesting, but I especially liked "Grandpa As a Magician" by Mable Law Atkinson. Sister Atkinson is a gifted, versatile writer. I always enjoy everything she writes.

—Sylvia Probst Young
Midvale, Utah

Please extend my congratulations to Lizabeth Wall Madsen for having written the beautiful lines ("Wings Over the West") which won the first prize in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. There is not a line of Mrs. Madsen's poem that lacks poetic essence in my estimation.

—Grace I. Frost
Provo, Utah

May I say a few words concerning the joy and inspiration *The Relief Society Magazine* brings to all Latter-day Saint women who live in the mission fields—particularly those, who, like myself, find themselves living in places where organized Relief Societies do not exist. A note of thanks for the small, newly organized Sunday School we have here.

—Mildred Garrett Enos
Chillicothe, Ohio

The *Magazine* continues to be excellent in every way. I have most thoroughly enjoyed Mrs. Morrell's articles on the life of President McKay (September, October, November, and December 1953).

—Mabel Jones Gabbott
Bountiful, Utah

We think *The Relief Society Magazine* is the best magazine anywhere, and it is getting better all the time.

—Mrs. Margaret A. Anderson
—and Mrs. Ione J. Anderson
Richmond, Utah

On the eve of our lesson tomorrow on *David Copperfield*, I am brimming with anticipation to hear Sister Mabel Preston give it, and I trust no member misses it, for Briant S. Jacobs has portrayed it as Dickens would smile his approval. When I had read the usual amount of the lessons, and turned the page and saw two full pages more, I said, "What a feast!" And I have really laughed and heartily approved every word. I trust no Relief Society woman fails to read it herself. I had forgotten much I had read years ago. I wish we could love the good qualities in people, all people, and not rebuke them for failures. Thanks, thanks, Brother Jacobs for making every line pregnant with needful truths. Certainly this lesson "talked itself alive." I wish it were in pamphlet form as I would like to pass it on to many as a gift to egg them on to a great writer.

—Laura R. Merrill
Logan, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Relief Society Responsibilities

President Joseph Fielding Smith
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 30, 1953]

I feel honored in being invited to come here this afternoon to give to you a brief address in relation to the Relief Society of the Church. And I know you are just as well acquainted with the organization of the Relief Society as I am; nevertheless, I jotted down from the history a few items in relation to the organization and the instruction that was given at that time by the Prophet Joseph Smith. As you know, the society was organized March 17, 1842, in Nauvoo. And on that occasion the Prophet, John Taylor, and others were present and assisted. "The Female Relief Society," I am quoting, "was organized in Nauvoo by the Prophet Joseph Smith" who stated "that the purpose of the society is to furnish the sisters of the Church an organization through which they may actively foster the welfare of the members." The duty of the society was stated to be "to aid the poor, nurse the sick and afflicted, and in a general way, under the direction and guidance of the bishop, to engage in the charitable work in behalf of all those requiring assistance."

This was the first organization of women in the world, so far as history records, and I think that is quite an honor to think that the women of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints took the first step in the interest of the women.

"This is in keeping with the genius of the gospel," the Prophet said, "for the Lord provides duties and labors for all the members of the Church, both men and women, wherein service may be rendered for the temporal as well as the spiritual salvation of man."

The Church was so organized that all the members may find in it some activity. As you know, most of the so-called Christian churches depend upon their minister. He does all the work, looks after the spiritual interest of his members, but they do not have the work divided among the members. But the Lord has so arranged things in The Church of Jesus Christ, that every man and woman in it may find some responsibility or something to do. So it was as natural as it could be for a Relief Society to come into existence, so that the women could have a society of their own, not only to engage in the duties which I have read, but that they might, in all particulars, labor in the interest of the women of the Church and, for that matter, in charitable matters in the interest of all the members, male as well as female. And so, by revelation, this organization was established. Just as necessary in the Church as any other department.

IN his instructions, the Prophet said: "Do not injure the character of anyone. If members of the society shall conduct themselves improperly, deal with them, keep all of thy doings within your own bosom and hold all characters sacred."

I think that is very wise advice, not only in the Relief Society but in the quorums of the Priesthood and everywhere else within the Church. We should guard the character of every member. We should see that there are no injustices done.

Again, on March 30, 1842, he said:

> None should be received into the society but those who are worthy. All difficulties which might and would cross our way must be surmounted. Though the soul be tried, the heart faint and hands hang down, yet we must not retrace our steps. That sympathy alone must not decide our judgment. All must act in concert or nothing can be done. Sisters should move as did the ancient Priesthood, in unity. It should be a select society, separate from all the ills of the world, choice, virtuous, and holy. The society was to assist by directing the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community and save the Elders the trouble of rebuking and that they might have their time for other duties.

Now, that is from the history.

There are a great many duties, responsibilities, that are given to our sisters, not all of them are included in these items that I have read. It is the duty of the Relief Society, not only to look after those who are members of the Relief Society, but their labor should extend beyond those borders. Wherever anybody is in trouble, needs help, in difficulties, sick or afflicted, we call upon the Relief Society. According to the words of the Prophet here, "It is their duty also to assist in seeing that there is no iniquity in the Church." I take it that those labors would rest more particularly upon them in relation to the sisters of the Church, and they can perform a great and wonderful work by encouraging the wayward, helping them, bringing them back into activity, helping them to overcome their weaknesses or sins and imperfections, and bringing them to an understanding of the truth. I say there is no limit to the good that our sisters can do.

You are called upon constantly by the authorities in the stakes and in the wards. And I don't know what in the world our stake presidents and bishops in the wards would do if they didn't have these good sisters of Relief Society upon whom to depend; whom they can call to their service, many times, to handle situations that would be very delicate, that is for our brethren, but which our sisters may perform to the very greatest advantage. It would be a wonderful thing if all the members of the Church were perfect. If that were the case we would all have less responsibility, both the men and the women, but that time has not come. We have members among our sisters who need encouragement, a little help spiritually as well as temporally, and nobody can do it better than our sisters who belong to this great and wonderful organization.

IN this work the sisters may lend their aid in encouraging and helping the wayward, indifferent, the careless, just as the brethren of the Priesthood are called upon to do in behalf of the wayward, careless, and indifferent among the

brethren. We should all work to bring to pass righteousness and endeavor to bring back into activity those who have drifted and neglected the duties of the Church.

We keep a record that's fairly accurate of all the male members of the Church who are inactive, men holding the Priesthood who are not magnifying their callings; and the men in the Church, members of the Church, who hold no Priesthood. We have our brethren laboring among them to try to get them into activity.

We have a great many sisters, likewise, who are delinquent and careless, and who are not living according to all the Lord has revealed and required of them. I know of no record, however, that gives us the number, or an approximate number, of the sisters who belong to that class. But here is a work the Relief Society can labor in as well as clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, caring for the dead, and attending to such other duties which fall upon them which they perform so faithfully and acceptably in the Church.

It would be a glorious thing if we could all live as did the Nephites for two hundred years when the Lord said, or at least the Prophet writes, that there was no iniquity among them, no envying, no strife, no wickedness of any kind. What a glorious thing that must have been! And the prophet says, there could not be a happier people anywhere than were these people at that particular time. Our duty is to labor, to strive, to cry repentance, to be diligent in all the duties and responsibilities which are given to us, and the sisters can do far more, in my opinion, laboring with the sisters, than the brethren would be able to do.

Now, may the Lord bless you in it, in all these things. I am very grateful that you are studying the doctrines of the Church. Now, I am not going to say much about that nor go into details in relation to it, because you have topics coming up in the latter part of this meeting. But the Lord expects the sisters to be qualified with a testimony of the truth to understand the doctrines of the Church just as he does those who hold the Priesthood. If we gain exaltation, which we hope to obtain, it is necessary that we prepare ourselves by knowledge, by faith, by prayer. And when the Lord said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," he was not talking just to a body of men, it was a mixed congregation. And righteousness is required of all those who have entered the waters of baptism and have obtained the remission of their sins.

May the Lord bless these good sisters who preside over you in this organization. They are wonderful, as you have learned. I have something to do with them once in awhile; occasionally they come to me and to Brother Petersen with a problem; we try to help them. But they are capable and can solve most of their problems without any help. The Lord bless them, bless all the other sisters who are presiding in the various stakes and in the wards, and all those who are active in the organizations. And so I pray in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Third Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

"One Sweetly Solemn Thought"

Ruth MacKay

RUTH MACKAY

THE words had burned into Prue's brain as soon as she had read them. Addressing a Relief Society conference, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., had said, "And this is your work and ours, to save not only Zion, but the world."

Thoughts chased through Prue's mind of the need for saving the world, its people sadly disillusioned, putting their faith in one material thing after another, and gaining no peace of mind or soul.

She suddenly realized the bus had stopped, and, with a cheery word to the driver, she alighted. As she crossed the road to climb the hill to her home, she breathed deeply of the pure mountain air. She looked with affection at the row of tall stately gums growing on the roadside, the crisp brown bark hanging in strips from the trunks, showing the clean yellow boles beneath. A soft wind lazily stirred the crimson tinted leaves, and through them she could see into the field beyond, where the wattles with their crop of fluffy, golden balls glowed in the setting sun.

Prue sniffed appreciatively at the scent which wafted to her on the breeze, and turned to go down the old track which led to her home, stopping by the gate to pick some buttercups and forget-me-nots which grew there in profusion. Somehow, today, the familiar scene seemed even more beautiful. As far as she could see were mountains, rising and falling into the distance, always shaded with the mist that made them look dark blue. The fleecy white clouds billowing up above them into a clear blue sky completed a picture that Prue could always visualize. The peaceful serenity of the scene brought balm to her heart.

But the silence was shattered as, with a whirring of wings and raucous laughter, a kookaburra flew

from the trees onto Prue's shoulder. Jacky was the pet of the neighborhood; he had fallen from the nest when young, and Prue had nursed him till he could stand and fly. He was very tame, and would hop into the kitchens nearby for the titbits that were given him, flying harmlessly out of the way of unfriendly cats, and laughing uproariously at their frustration from roof or chimney tops.

Prue took him into her arms, stroking the soft brown and fawn feathers. He flew ahead of her as she let him go, knowing he would be rewarded with a piece of meat when she got home. Prue fell in love with this beautiful world, her heart filled with gratitude that her life could be spent amidst such pleasant surroundings.

But the thought came back to her, "This is your work and ours, to save not only Zion, but the world."

That night she lay tossing, unable to sleep. What could she do, in her humble way, to save the world? She did her work as a member of the Relief Society, and tried very hard to do all that was required of her as Relief Society president. Yet, she felt that that wasn't what President Clark had meant. There was something more required of her. But what? What must she do?

Towards morning, her thoughts went back to the previous day's testimony meeting. How she envied those members whose fluency of words enabled them adequately to express their love and steadfast faith in the gospel. No matter how much she tried to overcome her nervousness, when she got on her feet, she stammered and stuttered so much that it affected her breathing, and she could only gasp out a few words. Locked up inside her, were beautiful thoughts of love, of belief in the gospel, together with boundless gratitude to the missionaries who came out to Australia to seek out those who were looking for the truth. She felt very humble that the Lord had led them to her door. If only she could reveal what her conversion had meant to her, the feeling of at last coming home the moment she had entered the chapel; the deep, abiding testimony she had gained, with the sincere desire to live all the principles of the gospel to the best of her ability. Her life had been completely changed by the visit of those two elders. If only she had the ability to tell others all these things, maybe it would help them, too, to accept the gospel.

SUDDENLY, as as though a ray of light had entered the room, Prue knew. Here was a way in which she, very humbly and sincerely, could carry out the work President Clark had designated to them. She would overcome that failing of hers, so that she could explain to others who were investigating the truthfulness of this wonderful gospel, just why she believed in it with all her heart and soul.

She knew it wouldn't be easy, for she was well past forty, and it would be hard to overcome a lifetime of diffidence, but overcome it, she would.

The next day saw her timidly climbing the steps of a city college where night classes in public speak-

ing were held. She approached the enquiry desk, fully conscious of her mature years as she passed groups of young students chattering gaily.

"Yes, Madam?" asked the supercilious young clerk.

"I would like to join the public speaking class," she said, in a quiet little voice.

Taking a long pink form from a drawer, the young man enquired, very crisply, "Name; Address; Experience?"

"No experience"—he looked at her as though she had committed a crime, explaining that the teacher, Mr. Bell, was a very busy man, being as well a radio news commentator, therefore he had no time to waste on beginners.

Seeing her obvious embarrassment, he stopped, and Prue, nervously twisting her fingers, said, "Oh, I'm sorry, I really shouldn't have come."

Perhaps touched by her sweet smile of apology, he unbent to tell her, "You go over to Room 5, Block E, and have a talk with Mr. Bell; he may be able to help you." Then, as if ashamed of being found out in a kind action, he resumed his writing.

Prue wandered past the radio school and the art school and found Block E, Room 5 on the first floor, and Mr. Bell was there interviewing his prospective students. And what an array they were. Prue's heart sank even further. Three business executives, two top engineers of the electric company; an architect, a research fellow in science at the university; a young German scientist, and others of equally high scholastic qualifications.

Standing there in her pale blue frock and large navy picture hat, Prue did not realize the appealing picture she made as she waited for Mr. Bell to speak to her. What made him take her she never knew, but she was grateful for being accepted, and determined to do her best.

When the class began, she had to take her turn with the others in getting up to say just why she wanted to learn public speaking. She managed to explain that she wanted to help others. Mr. Bell looked queerly at her, shrugging his shoulders and giving a sly wink to one of the men. A peculiar reason this; usually it was to help the men in their business, or with political aspirations, but to help others! Well, of course, she was a woman, and women had funny ideas.

THE next six months for Prue were a nightmare. Each Thursday night they each had to speak for from four to ten minutes on subjects chosen by Mr. Bell. And such subjects: political questions; international affairs; economic problems; and so on. Public library patrons and attendants came to know the little figure as she pored over books, taking copious notes in the lunch hour period from her work.

Several times, in talks given by the men, religion had been mentioned, but always in a facetious, disparaging way. It hurt Prue to hear them speak this way, but she realized they knew no better, for they did not have the blessing of the restored gospel.

Then one week she was asked to speak on "The Message of Easter."

Here was a subject on which she did not have to go to libraries to gain the necessary knowledge. Lovingly she thought out the opening, the body of her talk, and the closing, using the knowledge the missionary elders had taught her through the years.

When her turn to speak came, the thoughts of her beautiful subject brought a light to her face, and a sweet, patient smile to her lips, and the words came without effort. Returning to her seat, she was startled when passing Graham North, the architect, as he hissed at her, "Oh, you're too good, I always feel like singing hymns and taking up a collection when you've finished speaking."

Mr. Bell, as usual, allowed one of the class to criticize the speech. He nodded to Mr. North.

Oh, no, thought Prue, not he, he has no time for religion, and he just doesn't understand. And he was the one who had so distracted her attention in one of her talks that she had broken down completely and couldn't continue.

Her worst fears were realized. Graham completely and sarcastically tore her talk to shreds. Still smiling, but inwardly sick at heart, she wondered if it were worthwhile to continue with the lessons. She had been foolish to come at all; she was out of her depth and would never make a public speaker. Oh, why hadn't they taught such things when she went to school? But even if they had, she wouldn't have benefited, for she had to leave school when she was thirteen, her father having died, she had to help with the family finances.

Feeling utterly crestfallen, she made her way out of the building, followed by some of the younger men of the class. Turning to say goodbye to them at the street corner, one of them halted her, saying, "What religion do you belong to? Some of the ideas you gave in your talk tonight are new to me."

"I'm a Mormon," she said simply.

Then followed, right there on the street corner, an hour of discussion. Questions and answers flew back and forth. Sometimes they agreed with her, mostly they did not, and she invited them to the chapel so that they could learn more. Two of them did come to the next sacrament meeting, being deeply impressed with the obvious sincerity of all who took part, and with the warm friendliness of the saints. Prue's heart sang with joy, and she determined she would carry on with the lessons, and eventually achieve a measure of success with her speaking.

THE following Thursday, as she sat in her seat awaiting Mr. Bell's criticism of her talk on "The Racial Problem of South Africa," she squared her shoulders; she mustn't be afraid of criticism, she must learn to take it, and use it to better her efforts.

Mr. Bell addressed the class, "I think you will agree with me that the talks given by our lady member here have all had one definite characteristic—a kindly love of people, a desire for their betterment, and a high personal moral standard. Here is someone who devotedly believes in something, something she wants to share with others. I would like to say we are happy and privi-

leged to have her here with us."

Prue sat stunned. Surely her poor, miserable little efforts at speechmaking could not have had that effect. Yet, they had, for the class applauded vigorously. The gospel was surely more marvelous than ever if it could shine through her halting words and phrases on economics, racial problems, and the like.

Suddenly shy, she turned and faced the class, murmuring, "Thank you," but a chill hand caught her heart as she glimpsed the look of distaste on Graham North's face.

Thursday came round again, but Prue could not go to the college, for some missionaries were returning home, and there was a farewell social at the chapel. She wondered if their parents ever fully realized the immense amount of good these lads did out here in the mission field. Nothing a convert could ever do could ever repay them for the great blessing of the gospel that they brought. It was sad to see them go, for you came to love them as your own sons. But how nice for them to be once more with their own folks.

Hurrying along the next week, Prue realized she was going to be late. She entered the classroom and saw all were seated and the lesson about to begin. Mr. Bell smiled a welcome at her, saying, "Here's Mrs. Martin now."

She looked wonderingly at him as they greeted her with applause, and he explained, "When you didn't come last week, and were not here at your usual time tonight, we were afraid you had left us, so that is just an expression of their relief that you are still coming."

She took the chair he indicated, only to find she was sitting next to Graham North. Smiling at him, she got out her books.

HER talk that night was impromptu, and she realized herself that it wasn't good, so when Graham was called on to criticize, she braced herself for what she knew would be coming. But, somehow it was different. Gone was the sarcasm in Graham's voice—it was soft and pleasant—and he was showing her, in a kindly way, where her faults lay. Then he concluded that he appreciated the kindness and tolerance that she gave to all of them.

When called upon to give his own talk, the class sat quiet. Here was a Graham they did not know. Instead of opening in the loose, bantering way in which he usually did, his voice was firm and clear, as though he had a message to deliver. He compelled their complete attention as he went from point to point, likening his work as an architect to that of the work of Christ.

Prue stared at him. Was this the man who had always spoken so lightly of moral standards?

Classwork over, he leaned toward her, "How did you like the way I brought in religion tonight?" he asked.

With eyes shining, she said, with all sincerity, "I thought it was fine."

He put his hand on her shoulder, saying seriously, "Listen, girl, you've got the only answer for the troubles of this world. I've tried hard to find your weak spot, but you've always given me back sweetness and understanding. You're a good missionary for Christ, and do you know what? I've started reading the

Bible again, something I haven't done for years, and I can read it now with a new understanding."

Leaving the college building, Prue's eyes were full of tears, and her heart overflowing with gratitude that she was privileged to be a member of the Church that had the restored gospel. There came to her mind a little legend she had once heard of the nativity of Christ.

The whole world was full of wonder the night Christ was born—the animals gave of their breath to warm the air, the flowers gave of their fragrance to give it sweetness, the birds gave their song, and the butterflies their color. But the poor, humble little worm had nothing to give, so he picked up a fallen petal, and crawled painstakingly to the manger where the Christ child lay. In turning, the babe touched the worm and to this day it glows so that it is called the glowworm.

The touch of Christ can make us all glow, thought Prue, and maybe this is what President Clark meant, when he told us to save the world. To keep that spirit of love and understanding so bright within ourselves, by adhering to the principles that we are taught—then would our lights so shine before men, that they would be drawn by their brilliance.

Ruth MacKay, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, appears for the first time as a winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest, with her offering "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." A convert to the Church, Mrs. MacKay, has traveled in many parts of the world. "I am an Australian," she tells us, "and this story is the first one submitted, the only other publication being an article, 'We Seek After These Things' published in *The Relief Society Magazine* in 1951. I am at present working on a book. I arrived in the United States last June, and proceeded to Canada for the wedding of one of my daughters, of whom I have three: Ruth, married, and living in Australia; Joan, married, and living in Canada; and Yvonne, studying at Brigham Young University. For nearly two years, after the return to the United States of Sister Myrtle G. Christensen, because of ill health, I acted as president of the Australian Mission Relief Society. I am an accountant by profession, being formerly head of the administration and finance of the Press Attache's office of the Netherlands Legation in Australia."

Against the Dark

Ouida Johns Pedersen

Hyacinths, fragrant tapers of the spring,
Kindle the ground to new remembering;
New seedlings force their tender roots in stone
Crevices to splinter granite bone.
Then waking turf renews its emerald sea;
Refutes once more the grave's finality.
Seeing once again the earth's reprieve
From darkness, we are strengthened—and believe.

Shrubs for Your Garden

Dorthea Newbold
Deseret News Garden Editor

A shrub is anybody's plant. You just can't go wrong with them unless you plant them too close together and fail to give them a yearly pruning. You can have a whole garden of shrubs, colorful the year around. You can use them to give your garden complete privacy, to separate one section from the other, and, best of all, the shrub garden is easy to maintain and inexpensive.

Shrubs are woody plants of bushy habits, developing several stems instead of a trunk as does a tree. They are a permanent part of the garden, yet, surprisingly, little thought or imagination is given to the selection and arrangement of shrubs. Too many shrubbery plantings are dull part of the year. One reason for this is the monotonous over-planting of a few well-known kinds. The over-planting of Spirea Van Houtti is an example.

Every garden has its own peculiarities and some varieties of shrubs will not thrive in it, but there is such a wealth of material to choose from that there is no excuse for the over-planting of one variety.

Before making a selection of shrubs consider the location, and the exposure, whether the shrubs will be in sun or shade; whether you have heavy soil which retains the moisture or soil that is light and dry. Consider, too, the amount of space to be filled, for this will determine whether you will select a dwarf, medium, or large-growing type of shrub. A good nursery catalogue will give you the size the shrub will attain at maturity.

With wise selection of shrubs, you can screen out unsightly views, make mass plantings, have a flowering hedge, or divide your garden area into rooms for greater beauty. At the same time you will shut off, to a degree, the noises from a busy street, creating a beautiful retreat for family and friends.

Foundation plantings using deciduous shrubs offer the gardener an opportunity to create a planting that is original and suitable to his own home. With thought and careful placing of shrubs, he will have a planting that will not be seen around every other house along the street.

Flowering shrubs planted close together for a hedge should be left unclipped, but should not be allowed to grow without a yearly pruning so they become an unsightly tangle.

IN areas where winters are severe, no flowers are more welcome than those which appear early in the year. Pussywillows—one clump of them—will prove to be a delight to young and old, for who can resist the charm of those gray catkins as they emerge from their brown winter coats.

Fortunate are those who can succeed with witch hazel — its lovely blooms come so early in the year to signal that spring is on its way. Daphne cneorum is a choice plant for edgings for the shrubbery border or for rock gardens. Viburnum burk-

woodi can't wait for the leaves to show up, but puts out a dazzling beautiful waxy flower that wafts its fragrance over the newly awakened garden. Then the forsythias — several varieties, come along, bowing their wands of yellow bloom to all. Cydonia japonica, with its brilliant orange to red blooms, seems to be the signal for all the spring flowering shrubs to put on their show, for then the real display in shrubdom begins.

Spireas, Viburnum carlesi, Viburnum tomentosum, and other viburnums, flowering almonds, Prunus triloba, honeysuckle, weigelas, burst into an extravagant display.

Then come the lilacs. What miracles of beauty, of color, of fragrance are these! The old common lavender and white, the elegant new French varieties, or those Persian beauties with their soft plumes of lavender flowers—all are an asset in the shrub border.

Then a lull comes, and the exquisite beauty of the mock orange enhances the scene—it seems to have waited purposely till now to show its perfect beauty. As a lower-growing companion, its white flowers covering every stem, we see Deutzia gracilis—perfect for the front of the border.

Hypericum — St.-John's-wort, a low-growing shrub, is an excellent ground cover, is welcome in every garden, for it blooms from early summer until hard frost.

With the summer, Spirea Anthony Waterer, Potentilla fruiticosa, the altheas, Vitex agnuscastus, Caryopteris incana, the hydrangeas, the faithful smoke tree, and tamarix, will bring another riot of color.

Courtesy the Deseret News

FORSYTHIA (SPRING GLORY)
Gives an excellent display every spring (yellow flowers).

FALL and its accompanying frosts make us conscious of those shrubs which hold their leaves a bit longer than does the average shrub, and conscious, too, of colorful leaves. The privets can be depended on to hold their leaves well into the bitter cold weather. Cotoneaster, most of the varieties of euonymus, beauty bush, viburnums, snowberry, and pyracantha will hold their leaves well, some of them until December.

Now come colorful berries and foliage—these are extra beauty dividends and gardeners accept them with gratitude. Euonymus altaus compactus has foliage of an unbe-

Opposite Page: Deciduous shrubs, evergreens, and other trees used to bring privacy into a small garden or to divide the garden into rooms. Trees may be used to frame the home or to frame a lovely view.
Photograph, courtesy the *Deseret News*.

Courtesy the Deseret News

HARMONIOUS ARRANGEMENT OF SHRUBS

Juniper at the entrance; trimmed snowberry bushes; pyracantha bushes at the corner, giving height where it is needed.

lievable brilliance. It is of a compact growth and will grow in semi-shade.

Berried shrubs — they are an open invitation to the birds to stay with us a bit longer — promise luscious feasts for a long time. Snowberry, pyracanthas, honeysuckles, cotoneasters, Berberis euonymus, mahonias, and some of the viburnums will produce a crop of berries.

Now it is winter, and we have almost completed our cycle, and we wonder what to use for winter color. We can depend on dogwood, the red-twigged and the yellow twigged varieties, to bring life and color to the sleeping garden. There are some willows that have a yellow bark and will add color to the winter landscape. Kerria japonica shows stems of bright green — the forsythias show stems of a deep brownish purple.

For ease of upkeep, for sheer beauty, and little cost, nothing can surpass a garden of shrubs.

Their Pictures

Mary C. Martineau

TO be sure Virginia didn't have soft brown eyes with a mournful expression in them, neither did she have brown hair parted demurely in the middle and kinked evenly down on both sides, as the enlarged picture showed when the canvasser finally brought it after she had given up hope. But he had accomplished some things that she noticed at a glance, as he leaned it up against the kitchen door and invited those present to inspect it at a distance. He had caught her youth in the oval, wrinkleless face with its soft rosy cheeks and deeper rosy lips, and her dress—oh, it was a masterpiece! It was just perfect: mahogany brown cashmere with reverses turned back, revealing a deeper brown but exquisitely matching satin front, which was gathered at the neck into a satin "choker" collar of the same color.

Virginia looked and looked at the picture; she was inwardly pleased, but she said, "Why didn't the artist make my hair almost black and glossy, and why aren't my eyes just dark and not so docile? I've a good notion not to take it at all."

The canvasser bent his head sadly and said in a most contrite manner, "It's hard to remember everything, Madam, and when I thought of you and looked at the photograph, I must have imagined that your hair and eyes are as the enlarged picture shows, and I am sure your eyes are browner than you think. The color of your beautiful dress makes them look that way to me."

"Nonsense," said Virginia.

"How do you like the frame, Madam?" asked the canvasser humbly. "Great care was used in the choosing of it, for it is of full oak, and the designs on it are Venetian, I am told, and the gilt is really gold," he went on, as if divulging a great secret.

Virginia smiled about the real gold, but replied, "The frame is all right," and going to the cupboard and reaching up on the top shelf, she brought down a brown wallet, and from it extracted a ten-dollar gold piece. She handed the money to the canvasser, who backed away from the picture and from the door in a most polite manner. Hurriedly, he got into his buggy, which contained enough enlarged pictures for the whole countryside, and away he drove up the lane as fast as his old horse could be persuaded to trot. He had a picture for the Glens whose little boy had been drowned in the river; a picture of Mrs. Delbert's mother sitting on a straight chair. The pictured lady had a most somber face, a double chin, and a striped dress. He also had a picture of Grandpa Weathers in his Civil War uniform, when he was young, and he had a picture of Marthy Jenkins' oldest daughter, with her hair let down her back, and so on. He was in a hurry to get them all delivered, realizing how lucky he was to have the ten dollars already in his pocket, but he would be luckier if the other patrons would accept theirs and pay up.

AFTER he was gone, Virginia turned to her boys, who had said nothing, and asked, "What do you think of it?"

The youngest one said, "It's awful pretty, Ma, and almost like you," but the oldest one said, "I think your photograph is the prettiest, Ma. Did you get your photograph back?"

Virginia thought he was right in some ways, but the photograph was only black and white, and her picture on it was only one of a family group, and she thought it quite marvelous that it had been singled out as promised and made into a large, colored picture all framed and ready to hang on the wall.

She said, "Yes, Son, here is the photograph. He gave it back just as he promised, and, while the picture isn't all it should be, yet I promised to take it, so we'll hang it up and make the best of it."

Virginia liked to look at her picture. The hair was so smooth, just the way she always combed hers in the morning, but never had a chance to look at again all day, except as she happened to glance in the mirror above the wash-bench as she washed and combed the children's hair for dinner. As she looked at the picture again, she liked, too, the looks of the soulful brown eyes and wished she knew the secret that lay behind them, for her own eyes laughed when she was happy, and they snapped when she was angry. Why couldn't her eyes be always sweet and appealing like the ones in the picture, though of course not so dull looking.

When John came in to supper, the picture was the first thing that caught his eye. He stopped short in the doorway. "Well, by the continental," he said, taking his old white felt hat off and rubbing his hand through his hair, "where in thunder did that come from?"

"Don't you like it, John?" asked Virginia.

"It doesn't look a confounded thing like you, Virginia. I think you got bit that time." Then, noticing the snap in her eyes, for she never could stand to have anyone think that she was green enough to get bit, he said, with his own eyes twinkling, "Now, you know your eyes have some life and sparkle in them, but the eyes in that picture look like a dying calf's."

Now Virginia was smiling and so were her eyes. John came forward, hung his hat on a nail behind the door, poured some water from the bucket on the washstand into the tin washbasin and proceeded to wash his face and hands before taking his place at the table with his family.

Supper began in the usual manner by his asking the blessing, and, afterwards, Virginia glanced up for just an instant at the sad brown eyes in the picture, smiling to herself and wondering.

ALL the wives along the countryside were pleased with their pictures, and the canvasser went away with more orders, to his own surprise and to the disgust of the husbands from whose flat pockets the ten dollars had been wrung. John said he'd throw the next canvasser off the place, if he ever caught him coming there again.

One evening she caught John looking at her picture as she sat knitting by the fading light of the

window. He was lying on the old lounge resting and telling her about the happenings of the day, but looking at her picture with kindly eyes and with a sort of longing, she thought, in his own.

On the very next day, when John had gone to take a grist to the mill, the canvasser came again. He drove down the lane and tied his horse to a tree. Upon getting out of his buggy, he took off his duster and put it back on the buggy seat, adjusted his derby hat, picked up his samples, and came to the door.

Virginia met him with a curt "How do you do," and drove the flies back with a paper as he hurried through the screen door that closed after him with a bang. He stood in meekness until invited by little Bill to sit down, and then he sat down and said with a smile, "I see you have your lovely picture hanging up. I hope your husband liked it. I'm sure he couldn't help liking it. I came today to see if you would consider sending one of him to be enlarged. I think it would please him mightily. Sometimes husbands feel neglected in such matters."

Virginia almost caught her breath as she remembered how John had looked at her picture when he didn't know she saw him. Yes, she thought to herself, that was it, he was feeling neglected. I will send his picture—but how can I manage it?

As the canvasser talked on and on, persuading the persuaded, she turned the idea over in her mind and let him talk. The little boys gathered close about her also urging her here and there whenever the canvasser paused at a comma. Bye and bye he ran down and sat still waiting her verdict, and Virginia had a verdict. Going to the family album, she slid a youthful photograph of John out of it, and, handing it to the canvasser, said, "See that you take good care of this, I wouldn't lose it for the world."

He promised faithfully. After being told to make John's hair a light brown and soft and curly, not dark, as the photograph showed it, and to be sure to make his eyes blue, a heavenly blue, and not to forget the dimple in his chin, the canvasser left the house.

Now the ordering was to be kept a secret so Pa would be surprised and awfully happy when his picture came. It was a glorious secret, but Virginia spent a sleepless night trying to figure out where she could possibly get another extra ten dollars, for she knew very well that John didn't have a cent to spare. Why school would be starting soon —what could she have been thinking of anyway—the children would need shoes and slates—and everything? Why, oh, why did she always give herself something to worry about? John would probably only be vexed anyway. Bye and bye she fell into a troubled sleep, in spite of her worry and John's deep snores, and slept till daylight.

TIME went by and the secret held. John went about his farm work with great energy, and the canvasser was forgotten by everyone except Virginia. She had a skeleton in her closet now, and she could hear it rattle quite often. It must not escape, so she put the little blue teapot on the top shelf,

and every time her fears grew high she took a little of her egg money or a little of the milk check and dropped it in, thus silencing the rattle.

One day John brought a traveler to the house. The traveler was inquiring about the best place to ford old Bear River, and he also wanted some dinner for himself and some hay for his own team. In true Yankee style, John invited him to stay to dinner and then took the horses to the corral and gave them huge forkfuls of hay.

Virginia hardly knew what she could feed the man, or the family either, for that matter, but so as not to disappoint John, she had a chicken killed and fried it, baked hot biscuits, mashed the potatoes, brought butter and milk from the cool cellar, and, with a little honey for dessert and John to tell bear stories, the dinner was a great success.

When the man was ready to leave with John, to show him where the ford was, he turned to Virginia, and, after thanking her for the nice dinner, he handed her a ten-dollar gold piece! To John's utter surprise and great disgust, she accepted it. Never had such a thing been heard of before in the valley anywhere. Imagine, taking pay for a meal of victuals. But Virginia was desperate—she could hear the skeleton rattle. Pa couldn't.

John remarked, upon his return to the house, that he had his opinion of anyone who was small enough to take pay for doing a good turn. Then Virginia's eyes really looked something like the eyes in her enlarged picture, as she said sadly, "I'm sorry, John."

So he said no more.

Then the great day came. John was in the field mowing when the canvasser drove down the lane; but John spied him and, quickly as he could, he drove his horses to the near end of the field, unhitched them, and hurried to the house. But he arrived just as the canvasser had delivered the picture, pocketed the money, and was getting into his buggy.

Virginia had accepted the picture hastily, handed over the money, and got rid of him almost before he realized it, for she had seen John coming and remembered the threat. She hated scenes.

John said, "How do you do," and the canvasser answered, "How do you do," and drove away. John came on quietly into the house, as Virginia drew a long breath.

Simultaneously they turned, and there was the picture of John propped carefully against the kitchen door.

"What the . . .?" began John, but Virginia cried, "Oh, that man—the picture doesn't look a bit like you, John. See the dark hair and the mustache! Oh, John, I'm so sorry."

John only stared at the picture . . . the handsome face so unlike him in color, and yet there were the merry blue eyes and the dimple, which John noted, silent, but inwardly pleased.

Virginia broke in, "It's just horrid, John, and I accepted the money to pay for it to surprise you."

"And I love you dearly," John said, putting his arms around her. "It's not so good, darling, but we'll hang it up along with yours." And he did.

The American Red Cross and Its Program

"THE Red Cross personifies, as nearly as any organization of which I can think, those great and noble virtues of man that are the richest heritage from the Almighty."

Thus spoke President Dwight D. Eisenhower at the dedication ceremonies at the new District of Columbia Red Cross Chapter House on October 1, 1953.

"We have many examples nowadays of man's selfishness, man's brutality and inhumanity to man, man's readiness to forget the golden rule and to live by some standard that he thinks will immediately advantage him at the expense of his fellows," the President said.

"We have this in the international field. We have it far too often and discouragingly among groups or classes at home. The Red Cross, the nature of its slogan, of its purposes, the work that has been done through it, and the people that belong to it, bring to us, as we tend to gather discouragement about such things, realization that man is also made of nobler qualities than those of selfishness and greed and personal advantage. He is made up also of sacrifice, of nobleness, and love for fellow humans."

The Red Cross has been distributing gamma globulin since 1944, largely as a measles prophylaxis, but recently, the organization was called upon to undertake an immediate and dramatic expansion of its operations to make available all the gamma globulin possible for the inoculation of children in the polio fight. In accordance with standard Red Cross practice, this gamma globulin was provided to the American people without charge for the derivative.

As a result of this plan, the Red Cross will turn over to the Office of Defense Mobilization more than 11,118,000 centimeters of gamma globulin by the end of 1954. The organization will continue to make available approximately one million centimeters annually after that date through fractionation of plasma derived from blood that becomes outdated or otherwise not suitable for use as whole blood in its civilian program.

Everyone's help is needed to support the Red Cross in its campaign to accomplish its tasks which "are almost overwhelming in their magnitude today."

Queen of Queens

Gene Romolo

You, who rule the realm of home
By patience, love, and piety,
Wear the crown of womanhood
With loyal grace most regally;
Of all who reign upon the earth,
You are queen of queens in verity.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, March 1, and March 15, 1894

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A PARTY FOR JANE S. RICHARDS: One of the most pleasant evenings of the season was spent at the residence of Apostle Franklin D. Richards January 21st, 1894, it being the 71st Anniversary of the birth of the Apostle's beloved wife and our esteemed friend, Jane S. Richards. At 7:30 p.m. their spacious rooms were crowded with smiling faces, each one being anxious to extend congratulations and heartfelt wishes for many happy returns of the day . . . . The amiable lady was taken by storm; shaken and embraced without consent. No mercy was shown, everyone seeming to think they had a perfect right to a birthday kiss and a shake of the dear hand . . . .
—E. B. W.

OVERWORKED

But after the strife and the weary tussle,
When life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest;
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife . . . .
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

A PLEA FOR MORE KINDNESS AMONG WOMEN: To every woman whose eyes these words may reach, I would say: Be kind to your own sex. Would that my voice could reach the farthest ends of the earth when I write "Women why so unkind to each other?" We see it every day in every position and avenue of life—on the street, in the stores, on the cars and even in the Churches . . . . I tell you my Sister Woman it is not the opposite sex whose words slash us, it is our own petty feelings and glib tongues . . . . And shall we not try to be more loving, more charitable? We are made of one clay, children of one Father, with common hopes and aspirations.
—Alta Witbeck

DEATH OF A GREAT ACTRESS: Mme. Elise Hwasser, who died recently, was for forty years the greatest Swedish actress. Mme. Hwasser delineated the heroines in Ibsen's dramas, and also played the leading Shakesperian roles. She retired to private life in 1888. —Selected

RELIEF SOCIETY MEETING IN THE FOURTEENTH WARD, SALT LAKE CITY: President M. I. Horne, presiding . . . spoke of a Psalm of David, which speaks of the people coming to a wilderness, of the many blessings here received. President Zina D. H. Young said, "Faithfulness to the gospel will make men and women free." Spoke of the temple, said every stone is a freewill offering of the saints. "Think of it, sisters, a temple where God and heavenly beings can come. Think of our young ladies, hear them speak and testify . . . full of the Gospel, full of intelligence." —Lydia D. Alder, Act. Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

FOLLOWING are some of the highlights of the past year 1953, of particular interest and concern to women.

Forty-four out of forty-eight states have women legislators.

According to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the marriage rate in the United States for 1953 fell to the lowest point in twenty years. However, the rate of live births was higher than ever before in our country.

Scotland's Earl of Home rebuked working mothers for the increased rate of juvenile delinquency.

According to a "Study in Human Starvation," two thirds of the world has to subsist on a deficient diet; yet there is plenty of food in the world for all.

ACCORDING to a study of 1303 women workers by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, those of fifty years and older had fewer absences because of illness than any other group.

PROVO-born lieutenant governor of California, Goodwin Knight, became governor when the ex-governor, Earl Warren, assumed the duties of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Since he is a widower, heavy social responsibilities will rest upon his two daughters, Marilyn, twenty-six, (Mrs. Robert Eaton) and Carolyn, twenty, still attending college.

MRS. MARCUS (Caroline Josephine Ballantyne) FARR, ninety-two, died in January. She was the last surviving member of the family of Richard Ballantyne, organizer of the Sunday Schools of the Church.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Melissa Ann Wells Dial of Willard, Utah, ninety-eight, Mrs. Roxie Cutright, Boise, Idaho, ninety-three; Mrs. Nan S. Richardson and Mrs. Margaret Homer Earl, Salt Lake City, ninety-two; Karen Petersen Andersen, Sandy, Utah, ninety-one; and Mrs. Ann Eliza Allen Coombs of Centerville, ninety.

MISS JEANETTE JANVRIN won a trip to the United States and Canada for capturing the title of Great Britain's "Perfect Secretary." She says an ideal secretary should have a pleasing appearance and a personality which combines efficiency with tact and warmth; also a retentive memory for faces, facts, and appointments important to her employer.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 41 MARCH 1954 NO. 3

The Lifeblood of Relief Society

THE gospel opens to man the portals of eternal life; and in the gospel plan each individual has opportunities offered to him, the accomplishment of which will help him gain eternal life for himself.

When the gospel was not on the earth, woman, in the eyes of law became a mere chattel. With the restoration of the gospel in 1830, she was recognized again in her rightful position, and less than twelve years later, the Prophet Joseph Smith turned the key in her behalf in the name of the Lord, and promised that knowledge and intelligence should flow down from that time henceforth.

In March 1842, in commenting on the establishment of Relief Society, the Prophet wrote in his history: "Our women have always been signalized for their acts of benevolence and kindness; but the cruel usage that they received from the barbarians of Missouri, has hitherto prevented their extending the hand of charity in a conspicuous manner; yet in the midst of their persecution, when the bread has been torn from their helpless offspring by their cruel oppressors, they have always been ready to open their doors to the weary traveler, to divide their scant pittance with the hungry, and from their robbed and impoverished wardrobes, to divide with the more needy and destitute; and now that they are living upon a more genial soil, and among a less barbarous people, and possess facilities that they have not heretofore enjoyed, we feel convinced that with their concentrated efforts, the condition of the suffering poor, of the stranger and the fatherless will be ameliorated" (D. H. C. IV, pp. 567-568).

The great majority of Relief Society members today live "upon a more genial soil," and the conditions have resulted in greatly ameliorating the suffering of the unfortunate. Countless are the acts of unselfish devotion of these Relief Society women.

But as the one hundred twelfth anniversary of the Relief Society is observed on March 17, 1954, let a prayer be voiced, silent or vocal, for the plight of Relief Society sisters who today are living under conditions reminiscent of the description of the suffering of the saints in Missouri.

In these days bread has been torn from helpless offspring; wardrobes have been robbed and impoverished so that no coverings remain to enfold the dead or the newborn; the old are left to die; the young are taken from their mothers for hours daily so mothers can leave home to do the work of men side by side with men.

Yet, in spite of persecution, reports reach the general board telling of the unnumbered acts of heroism—"the concentrated efforts" performed by the sisters of Relief Society under such cruel usage. At the peril of imprisonment and death, Relief Society sisters perform

the tasks for which Relief Society was divinely established. And they will be rewarded according to the words of the Savior: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The heartblood of Relief Society is not its cultural and homemaking activities, vital as they are to better home life and richer living. The lifeblood of Relief Society is the solicitous, loving action which flows from the individual member to a person in distress, either material or spiritual distress; and these individual streams of mercy, concentrated, bring life to the whole body of Relief Society encircling the globe.

—M. C. S.

Relief Society

Elsie Scott

In every woman's heart there lies enshrined
The need to love and help mankind.
And surely we the women of this latter day
Are doubly blessed, for God has shown the way
And through his chosen servants here on earth
His voice is heard.
He guides, directs in everything we do—
The teachers, visiting homes, taking a message true
The charity that faileth not,
To help the sick, the sad, and all who need.
And while we do this work
The Lord is waiting, quick to bless
That we may gain a greater happiness.

Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

THE April 1954 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four outstanding stories being presented. Look for these stories in April:

"The Best Years of Her Life," by Pansye H. Powell
"What It Takes," by Kay Islaub
"Second Best," by Blanche Sutherland
"The Part-Time Heart," by Hannah Smith

Notes TO THE FIELD

Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies for 1953

ORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	*Formerly Part of*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
Butte	West Central States Mission	Gretta L. Karren	June 28, 1953
Calgary	Lethbridge and East Lethbridge Stakes	Freda Kenney	November 15, 1953
Cannon	Pioneer Stake	Mabel H. Miller	March 1, 1953
Dallas	Texas-Louisiana Mission	Allene Bremer	October 18, 1953
Houston	Texas-Louisiana Mission	Sadie Ollorton Clark	October 11, 1953
Klamath	Northern California Mission	Mae Belle Nielson	March 22, 1953
Layton	North Davis Stake	Oma E. Wilcox	January 25, 1953
North Pocatello	Pocatello Stake	Bertha M. Pieper	June 21, 1953
North Tooele	Tooele Stake	Leona P. Boyce	March 29, 1953
Salmon River	Lost River Stake	Elizabeth G. Hoggan	October 18, 1953

REORGANIZATIONS

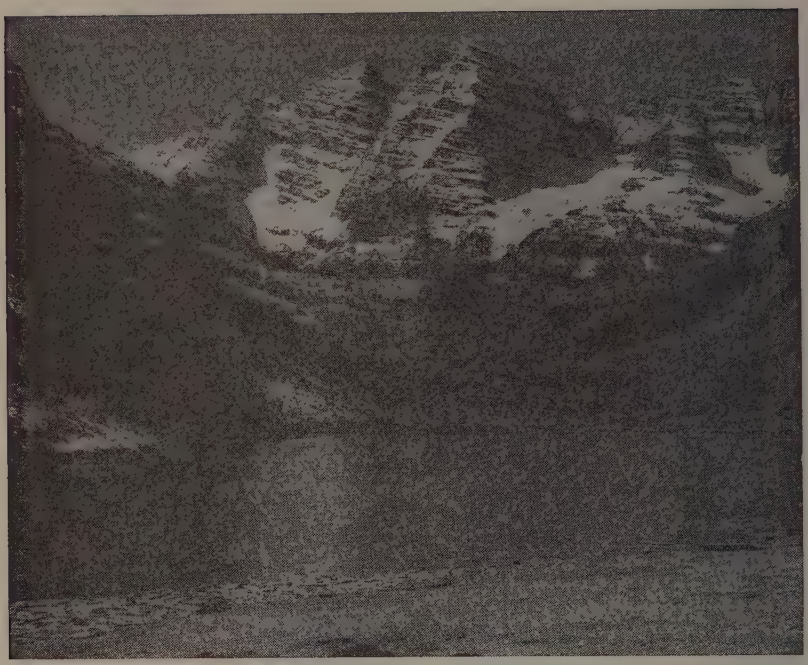
Missions	*Released President*	*Appointed President*	*Date Appointed*
Brazilian	Mary P. Howells	Lorene M. Sorensen	October 6, 1953
Chinese	Hazel M. Robertson	Mission Closed, Transferred to San Francisco Stake	December 31, 1952
East Central States	Edna H. Matheson	Adriana M. Zappey	October 8, 1953
East German	Lena W. Glaus	Mary Ethel E. Gregory	October 20, 1953
French	Beth C. Woolf	Rachael L. Lee	June 27, 1953
Great Lakes	Ella C. Burton	Florence H. Richards	June 11, 1953
Japanese	Ethel L. Mauss	Hazel M. Robertson	September 10, 1953
Mexican	Kate B. Mecham	Jennie S. R. Bowman	June 18, 1953
Spanish-American	Ivie Huish Jones	Effie Nina N. Bowman	December 4, 1953
Tahiti	Vilate B. Pearce	Frankie G. Orton	February 6, 1953
Texas-Louisiana	Leone R. Bowring	Phyllis D. Smith	November 20, 1953
West Central States	Reta F. Broadbent	Marteal W. Hendricks	November 19, 1953
West German	Luella W. Cannon	Bernice O. Dyer	October 29, 1953

Stakes	Released President	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Beaver	Phylis S. Warr	Bernice Thompson	April 19, 1953
Bonneville	Elna P. Haymond	Mary R. Young	July 6, 1953
Cassia	Ruth P. Holt	Rowena J. Warr	September 6, 1953
Cedar	Afton P. Parry	Claire B. Jones	May 10, 1953
Chicago	Edith Y. Harris	Elizabeth Evans Kaiser	September 6, 1953
East Lethbridge	Fern R. Laycock	(Disorganized)	November 15, 1953
Emigration	Winniefred S. Manwaring	Lucile G. Williams	May 3, 1953
Franklin	Ined N. Fryer	Matilda B. Gilbert	August 16, 1953
Gooding	Geraldine Terry	JennaVee Hall	September 20, 1953
Humboldt	Rose Burner	Aliene N. Bloxham	July 19, 1953
Hyrum	Mildred O. Norman	Rhoda Thorpe	August 9, 1953
Idaho Falls	Mabel J. Hansen	Nannah C. Stokes	August 16, 1953
Kanab	Vera Deane Blackburn	Elsie J. Brinkerhoff	February 22, 1953
Layton	Oma E. Wilcox	Faun L. Reynolds	August 9, 1953
Lethbridge	Amelia P. Johansen	Fern R. Laycock	November 15, 1953
Liberty	LaNola C. Driggs	Verna A. Hunter	May 10, 1953
Long Beach	Nina L. Riley	Lenore G. Merrill	May 3, 1953
Mill Creek	Florence N. Singleton	Mary M. Wright	April 12, 1953
Monument Park	Minnie E. Anderson	Reba O. Carling	August 8, 1953
North Carbon	Annie Parker	LaPreal Richards	August 30, 1953
North Davis	Oma E. Wilcox	Lavora S. Wood	January 25, 1953
North Weber	Vera H. Sorensen	Amanda B. Hancock	February 23, 1953
Parowan	Edna S. Hatch	Bertrude S. Mitchell	May 3, 1953
Pioneer	Vera Y. Allen	Julia N. Barg	March 1, 1953
Reno	Lena Oxborrow	Veda F. Moss	August 17, 1953
Snowflake	Ida S. Hendrickson	Jessie S. Baldwin	March 15, 1953
South Idaho Falls	Edna J. Kindred	Ione J. Simpson	May 17, 1953
South Sanpete	Leona F. Wintch	Zella C. Christensen	July 12, 1953
Tooele	Leona P. Boyce	Rose L. Moscon	March 29, 1953
Union	Nan A. Lindsay	Mal B. Oveson	July 26, 1953
Uvada	Mary A. Hansen	Martha H. Bleak	July 2, 1953
Wasatch	Violet D. Olpin	Ruth Mae Witt	February 22, 1953
West Utah	Rose Goates	Loleta W. Dixon	May 31, 1953
Yellowstone	Elva O. Swensen	Ida M. Swensen	June 28, 1953
Young	Ida L. Allen	Helen M. Stock	July 12, 1953
Zion Park	Hilda Bringhurst	Margie D. Barber	January 11, 1953

Nocturne

Grace Barker Wilson

A sudden silence always falls with dark
Upon the desert where the daytime wind
Blows noisily through sagebrush and mesquite
In a strange dissonance of music, stark
And urgent. Night comes down, soft-moccasined,
And makes a muted harmony complete.



Don Knight

MAROON LAKE, NEAR ASPEN, COLORADO

Sunrise on Cliff Mountain

Gertrude T. Kovan

Between two mighty mountains
An ancient cliff towers high.
Its dim peaks and sharp edges,
Reach far into the sky.

When night comes, first ascending
Long valleys far below,
Sometimes the light still lingers,
A faint, rose-colored glow.

But oh! to watch Cliff Mountain
In the bleak and early dawn
As the first, faint tints of sunrise
Break through mists of darkness gone!
I watch this magic stirring
Across each crevassed peak,
And I know that higher than Cliff Mountain
Are the answers that I seek.

Heritage

Mildred Garrett Enos

"MAIL, Mommie." Kathie's blond braids gleamed as she laid the packet of mail on the table.

Looking down, Beth saw a yellow envelope protruding from under a magazine. Her heart skipped a beat. Telegrams were few here at Twin Knolls Ranch. Her hand trembled as she ripped it open, her throat was dry.

At first disbelief, then relief and joy filled her being.

"Kathie!" she swept her daughter into her arms and kissed her soundly. "Margaret Marie is coming! She's coming here to visit us!"

She swung Kathie around in a little dance, knocking the butter paddle to the floor. And then, because the words were joyful to her tongue, she repeated, "Margaret Marie is coming!"

"Is she my grandma?" Kathie asked with interest, firmly believing that only grandmas and grandpas were occasions of such joy.

Beth kissed her again, laughing. "No, pet, she isn't anyone's grandma." And then she sobered. "She's just about the most wonderful friend I've ever had. She lives in a country called England way across the ocean in a great wonderful house just filled with oil paintings and piles of silver that have been in her family for generations." Beth paused for a moment, remembering. "But bad times came to her country, and Margaret Marie started teaching to help out. She liked it, so she still teaches."

Kathie brightened. School was a warm subject to her. "Can I play my school record again, Mommie?" she asked. "The one where the teacher has school?"

"Again? Oh, dear, Kathie!" And then she reconsidered. "All right, love, all the way through two times!"

Kathie scampered away, and Beth picked up the butter paddle, her words to Kathie still lingering in her mind. Oil paintings and piles of silver. She looked at the worn wooden paddle that had been in her own family for years. And some of the joyful anticipation of the coming visit began to seep away. She rinsed the paddle under the faucet and attacked the bowl of yellow butter vigorously, a thoughtful expression on her face.

Later, with Kathie out to play and the baby down for a nap, Beth escaped to the back bedroom and pulled her big trunk out of the closet and dumped the contents in the middle of the floor.

Family heirlooms! She began to sort them. A quilt that it was rumored had been Grandmother Wilson's pride and joy. The only pretty thing in her bare little home. Beth sighed. It was certainly worn to tatters now, as were the yellowed baby clothes. There was a frail book of poems, a cracked, white crockery tureen. Truly, the westward-bound wagons and handcarts had spared no room for family treasures.

If only I had something, Beth thought desperately. She laid her head on a corner of the trunk while Great-Grandmother Curtis' voice came back to her . . .

"And there I was with my mother's china that I had managed to bring all the way across the ocean with me. And Fred said it was either the china, or the box of seeds and cuttings couldn't go West, so I gave the china to a neighbor that had been right kind to us. She gave me a side of bacon and a bag of white pea seed for it."

Side bacon and white pea seed! Beth felt like crying as she dumped the stuff back into the trunk.

SHE had devised a plan of sorts by the time Kirby came home for lunch, and so intent was she on it that she missed her usual pleasure in his comforting masculine presence.

"Margaret Marie is coming for a visit, Kirby," she told him as he kissed her.

His eyes lighted with pleasure. "No! When?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"How did she manage?" he asked with interest.

"Exchange teacher," Beth replied. "She's simply thrilled. Says she can visit five days before she'll have to assume her duties."

"That's fine," Kirby said. "Give you girls time to catch up on the six years since you were an exchange student in England." He grinned. "After all, since then you've acquired a husband, a five-year-old daughter, a son with a definite will of his own, and a rundown, poorly stocked ranch, with a view!"

They both glanced toward the west wall of the dining room. Through the wide expanse of the newly installed window, the two peaks of Twin Knolls Mountain rose in silent majesty in the distance.

But somehow it didn't look quite as wonderful to Beth as it had just yesterday. Instead, she noted with dissatisfaction the old-fashioned round dining table set for lunch with the plain white plates and the dime-store silver. Only it wasn't silver. Not even the plated kind. Just plain, stainless steel.

A picture of the dining room in Margaret Marie's house rose in her mind. Wide-beamed ceiling, polished sideboard, gleaming silver. She took a deep breath for courage and asked urgently, "Kirby, remember the sterling pattern we selected the week of our honeymoon?"

"Sure do," he replied. He lifted a lid on the pot. "What's for lunch?"

Beth swallowed with difficulty. She had a wild urge to dump the pot, bottom up, over his head.

"Do you suppose," she asked in an even voice, "we could afford to start us a set now?" At the look on his face she added rapidly, "Just the most basic pieces, Kirby, knives and forks and spoons!"

He sensed the urgency in her voice and looked at her sharply. "Beth," he said gently as he slipped an arm around her waist. She felt his regret even before he finished. "The big window and the drapes just about did it for us till we harvest again next year."

Something in her heart refused defeat. "Are we always that broke?" she asked in bitter rebellion, and hated herself for the hurt in his eyes.

"Yes," he answered briefly.

BETH swallowed again. "There are other ways," she said desperately, "monthly payments are available on items of that sort!"

"We're just getting started, Beth," he replied quietly. "There are so many things. The children to provide for, stock to feed, payments on the truck."

She turned away in defeat. But the hurt and the desire stayed with her all afternoon, and the next day. As she moved about her self-imposed tasks, she kept seeing the house through Margaret's eyes as she waxed and polished and baked. And, added to that, was the burden of her coolness to Kirby.

He offered to drive her to the train two hours early next day. "Give you time to shop for any extras you might need in the way of food," he said.

Beth was grateful but unappeased. He's trying to make it up to me, she thought sadly, but he just doesn't understand!

In front of the grocery he opened the door for her. "I'll ride the children while you shop," he said, "pick you up in plenty of time."

"All right, Kirby," she said.

Next door to the grocery was a jewelry store. In spite of herself, Beth's eyes turned to the window as she passed. A display of silver, shiningly beautiful, met her gaze.

It won't hurt just to look, she told herself desperately, and a moment later she stood before the long glass case.

"Isn't it beautiful?" the woman clerk asked, smiling at her.

"Yes," Beth replied. She wet her lips. "Could I see that pattern please?"

The clerk laid it before her. The knives and forks, the iced beverage spoons, the salad forks, and serving pieces. A dazzling assortment.

Beth looked at the pieces hungrily, like a child with her nose to a window, she thought.

"It's so easy to own," the clerk encouraged, "nine or ten dollars a month is all."

Beth hesitated. "I'm not sure my husband would approve," she stammered.

"Some women even manage out of their grocery allowance," the woman said, watching her.

Beth looked at the pieces again. Nine or ten dollars a month, she thought. Could I manage it?

And then she went cold with horror. What am I considering? she thought frantically. She dropped the piece she was holding. "My husband and I have to approve these things together," she said firmly, and, turning, she fled . . . .

THE house has never looked so sad and neglected, Beth thought as they reached home. Odd that she had been able to see so many possibilities in the place when she and Kirby had first looked at it.

The first flush of young love, she thought, with the back of her mind as she took Margaret Marie's wraps.

"Kirby will bring your bags," she said, "and you can clean up. In the meantime I'll fix us a tray. I know you must be starved!"

"Oh, Mommie!" Kathie cried, "I want Margaret Marie to listen to my school record!"

"Later, Kathie," Beth said, and escaped to the kitchen.

She did a beautiful job with the tray. Embroidered napkins, hot buns, and a pat of butter, white-clover honey, and slices of cheese, a large bowl of fruit. At least the food is bountiful, she thought.

Vaguely she heard the record player start playing Kathie's school record.

She picked up the finished tray and started for the dining room. At the door she stopped. Margaret Marie was standing in front of the new window looking outward. The valley stretched away westward in a panorama of contrast. Harvested fields, a grazing flock of sheep, rolling orchard slopes, and the tall spire of the ward church reaching upward toward the infinite. And the whole overshadowed by the towering mountain peaks . . . .

In the background Kathie's record reached the second half: "And now, children," said the recorded voice, "we will all stand and sing." And the childish voices began the song that is the special property of every country-loving American.

". . . Oh, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain, for purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain . . . ."

And there it was before Beth's stinging eyes, the heritage her people had left her! She bowed her head. "Forgive me," she whispered, "forgive me! I forgot that a heritage isn't always inside the house!"

The door opened and Kirby came in. Across the room his eyes met Beth's. She looked back until the look became one of their very special ones. And her heart relaxed. There would never have to be further words, or explanations.

She moved forward again as the song ended, and Margaret Marie turned from the window, her own eyes filled with tears. "My dear, my dear!" she said. And reaching out she took the heavily laden tray from Beth's proud hands.

"For Which the First Was Made"

Christie Lund Coles

The fruit-fair flesh nature had clothed her in,
Delicate as glass, supple to the touch,
Has wrinkled with the years, grown parchment thin,
And withered as an apple dried too much.
Her step so laughter-quick, her hand so firm,
Are slowed and weakened by the rushing tide
Of years that moved and passed, serving their term,
Leaving her with the age her heart denied,
And her eyes, too, that kept light from flame
Of what she was once, beautiful and young.
Though now, more than before, they speak a part
Of her too long, too thoughtlessly unsung.
Now, when vanity and youth's mask are gone,
We see her spirit's proud, clear echelon.

Old Quilts

Velma Mackay Paul

SOMEONE has said that the American quilt can be a document of American life. A list of their interesting names kindles the imagination and reveals the trend of the times, socially, religiously, and politically.

Before artistic designing found its place in quiltmaking, *quilting* itself was a necessity, and necessity always has been the mother of invention. For centuries, the people of the cold countries of Siberia, Manchuria, Northern Tibet, and other lands of similar climate, wore padded clothing for warmth. Coarse wool from the animals was tied between layers of cloth and made into clothing. From this primitive quilting, developed through the ages, we have taken-for-granted quilted articles used in every home and establishment today.

Centuries ago, the Crusaders returned from the Far East with elaborate specimens of needlework, applique, embroidery, and quilting. Soon it began to appear in outer finery, royal furnishings, and church vestments.

It was, however, when the Pilgrims, beginning a fresh life in a new country, were faced with the problem of producing everything they owned, that the art of bed-quilt-making really began.

They literally carved their homes out of the forest. Farm lands were cleared of stones, which were used to build barns and houses, and piled along border lines for fences. They built furniture from the timber, which was also their only fuel. Having no iron nails, they used wooden pegs. They built huge outdoor ovens for baking and indoor fireplaces of stone and mud. They built their own wagons and sleds and made their harnesses from the leather of animals. They not only made everything they used, they used everything they made.

Where homes were established, the men cleared the farm lands of stumps and underbrush, and they plowed and planted their crops.

The women dug from their own land clay and made pottery, milk pans, butter and bean crocks, and water jugs. They built kilns and fired their ware.

All this—and families too! Large families, and they clothed them with cloth from their own looms and spinning wheels, and shod them with hides of animals. It is because they endured great hardships and made untold sacrifices, our courageous forefathers were able to establish a foothold in a new world and lay the foundation for our present-day security and happiness.

Parties were few in the old days. They grew out of necessary gatherings, such as a barn raising, making apple butter, or a quilting party. When a farmer needed a barn or a new house, he assembled his materials bit by bit. On a fixed day, his neighbors and friends came to help him build the structure, and it was usually finished by nightfall. They brought their whole families; little girls minded the babies, little boys worked with their elders. No one was idle.

The families brought with them enormous baskets of food, and the women spread long tables and cooked hot food over the fires. These were bright days in the somewhat drab lives of the women, and they made the most of the occasion. They imparted news and friendly gossip and received it in return. Conversation ran from personal items to new dyes for wool and new style rag rugs. They exchanged recipes and home remedies for the sick. Herbs and brews played an important part in their lives, and they often exchanged herbs from their gardens as well as flower seeds.

THE young girls exchanged patches of calico and lovely paisley, or chintzes of figured brown and pink and minutely flowered prints. Few materials of this kind had found their way to America, and every inch was treasured. They also exchanged finished squares for quilts, either pieced or appliqued, and many cross-stitched their names and the date on their patches. When enough were exchanged (usually twenty-five) a hopeful young lady could sew her patches together. At the next quilting bee, she could have her "top" quilted, and when it was completed, she proudly laid it in her dower chest. It would be a treasured keepsake, for each patch had been designed and stitched by the hands of a loving friend.

All quilts were not so beautifully conceived. It was before the day of woven blankets, and bedding was a dire necessity. All old pieces, as well as new, had to be saved for their use. Faded material was dyed, and the wool had to be washed and carded by hand, and laid in straight, neat piles. Never was a scrap of anything wasted. When a quilt was worn out, it was re-covered, and new warmness and color were added. The popularity of the old "crazy patch" was due to the fact that anything of any size, shape, or material, could be used. The irregularity of patches and color grew artistic and soft, as the maker outlined the gay patches with fancy featherstitching and embroidered birds and flowers on the plainer ones.

Thus, by spinning the flax, carding the wool, weaving materials, and making quilts, pioneer women created with their own hands the beautiful things they longed for in their hearts.

Quilts are of two principal types, pieced or appliqued. The commonest are the pieced or patched, because one can utilize scraps—and the designing of only one patch is necessary. The rest are repetitious.

An appliqued quilt is more elaborate, and requires more careful planning for color and design. Each block may be a different design, but must remain in balance. Best of all, an appliqued quilt allows an expression of ideas impossible in a pieced one.

OF all the quilts I have had the privilege of photographing for magazines, the most beautiful, unusual, and elaborate is one made in 1829 for the late Reverend Vinton of Maryland. It is now in the possession of his great-great-grandson's family. It is in its fifth generation and is in perfect condition. This quilt deserves special comment.

PLATE 1

When the Reverend Vinton resigned his charge, the Ladies Aid or Women's Society of the church, presented him with this quilt. Each patch is signed with the maker's name, and the entire quilt is appliqued in the most elaborate designs. The coloring is magnificent. The center block is his church. Even the shades and brickwork are appliqued. The tree behind the church has birds in its branches. To the left of the church, is a floral arrangement with easily eight shades of coloring. A finely printed brown material was used for the dove which holds the Holy Bible. The minister's name is also appliqued on the book. To the right of the church is a patch work containing a wreath and his prayer book. It, too, bears his name. The patch above the church has a pleasing wreath and a dove of peace, while below the church is a bowl of fruit. The pears are yellow and cream, the apple red, grapes blue, and a second bunch of something is red. The object that resembles a football is a watermelon with a slice out. The

black seeds are appliqued on the pink surface. To the right of that patch is another made up of symbols, possibly of his lodge. A "seeing eye" is between two arrows. At the bottom of the wreath is an hourglass, above it an arrow, three rings, and something else. In the center of the wreath is a shield, with a heart on which is an open hand, or palm. An eagle stands on a pedestal facing an owl perched on seven stars and a crescent. The right half of this wreath is of brown acorns and small green oak leaves, the left side is of red berries and green leaves. Elaborate plants, wreaths, etc., make up the rest of the quilt, and a beautiful border encompasses the entire quilt. It was undoubtedly used on a large poster bed, for it measures three yards each way.

IN the Art Institute of Chicago, is a magnificent quilt called the Circuit Rider's Quilt, made somewhere in the Midwest. Entirely in

PLATE 2

applique, it was made, in 1862, for the courageous preacher who made the one-hundred-mile circuit to visit his widely scattered parishoners in six communities. Forty women of the United Brethren Church made the forty-two blocks, only five of which are alike. They are floral wreaths, rose clusters, grapes, tulips, ferns, leaves, berries, and geometric designs. The center is a shield of our own American flag. This one quilt alone records the days of the traveling minister and the simple faith of the country people.

A very old popular pattern is shown in Plate 2. It was made over eighty years ago, and is called the Four Winds, and sometimes the Princess Feather. The plumes alternate in color, dark green and dark red, the center being orange. As often happens, one swirl was laid out in the opposite direction (upper right) and probably not noticed until too late. However, it is not too noticeable, because of the brilliant coloring and the fine feather quilting.

Plate 3 is a good example of an

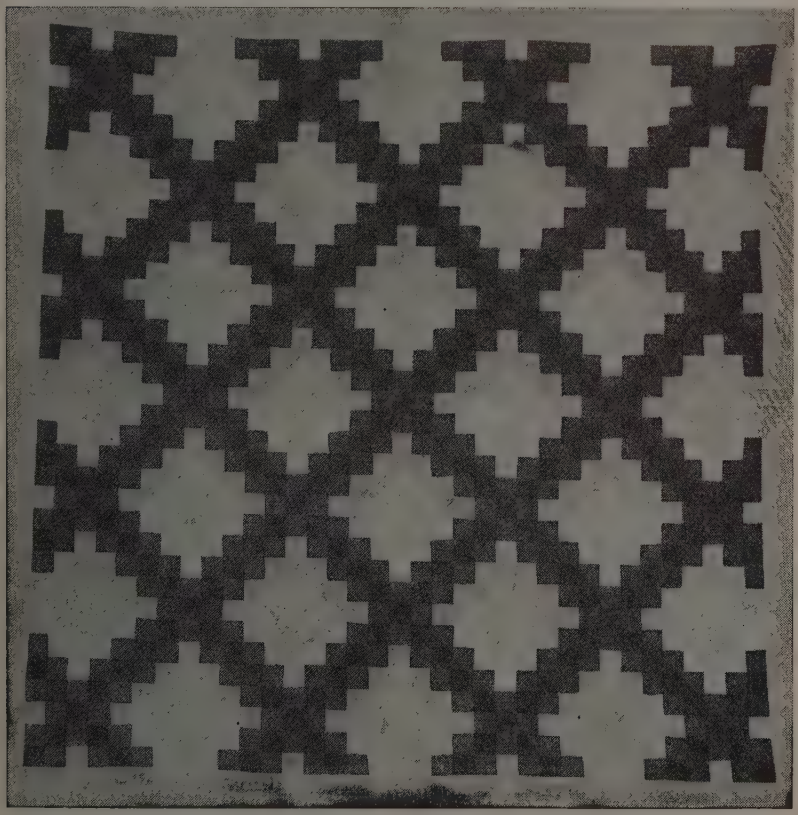


PLATE 3

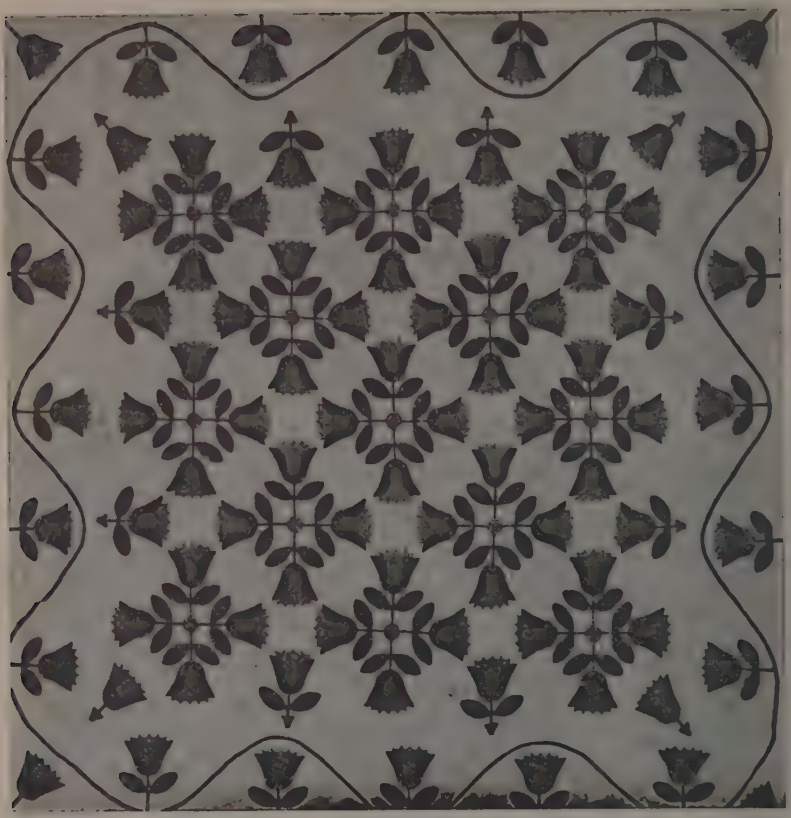


PLATE 4

early pieced quilt. It is called the Irish Chain. Only two colors were used with white, a deep figured red for the center block throughout, and a figured green for the outer blocks. The quilting is in very fine squares of no more than one inch.

Plate 4 is an example of beauty, skill, and fine workmanship. A figured red and yellow was used for the center of each tulip, and solid red for their sides. Solid green was used for the leaves, and border. It is entirely appliqued, and the quilting is in squares of one half inch. Skill was required in arranging the pattern, since each motif is not on separate squares that could be sewn together. In this case, the maker appliqued her pattern on nine squares of white muslin, each eighteen inches square. Sewn together, it made a piece one and one half yards each way. She then appliqued the four inner motifs around the center one on the muslin already sewn together, and "dovetailed" her patterns. Twelve single tulips, facing in, were ap-

pliqued around and completed the pattern. The border of tulips and running band of green is twelve inches wide, making the entire quilt two yards and six inches square. The background quilting is in one-fourth inch squares, and the tulips and leaves are quilted around. On an applique quilt, no quilting should be on any of the pattern. Otherwise, the pattern could not stand out.

Plate 5 shows a one-hundred-year-old quilt of four patches, each one yard square with a six inch border. The flowers are shaded from shell pink to turkey red, with green leaves and stems.

Plate 6 is another four-patch quilt, with a red strip around the border to match the solid red center of each. The leaves are solid green. The quilting, which did not photograph well, is really elaborate.

IT is interesting in old quilts to find the similarity of designs. In Plate 1, for instance, the top center block is very similar to one called the eight-pointed star. In the same plate, the second from the top on the left is exactly like the one in The President's Wreath. It has been popular for the past hundred years.

PLATE 5

PLATE 6

There is no end to names for quilts. The following I have gathered from country sales, museums, and stories on quilts. The very same may have different names in different parts of the country. They include: the Log Cabin, the Mill Wheel, Princess Feather, Oak Leaf and Tulip, Fox and Geese, Hen and Chickens, Grandma's Flower Garden, Indian Trail, Barn Raising, Variable Star, Evening Star, Star of Bethlehem, Pin Wheel, Bear's Paw, World Without End, Dutchman's Puzzle, Chimney Sweep, Dolly Madison Star, Rocky Glen, Confederate Rose, Covered Wagon, Cross and Crown, Jacob's Coat, Rose of Sharon, Rob Peter and Pay Paul, Doves in the Window, the Drunkard's Path, the Wheel of Fortune, Double Wedding Ring, Soldiers Return, and many, many more.

Wilderness Road

Willard Luce

THERE are many little roads in Utah. They twist among the aspens and the pine and the fir. They crawl along the face of the mountains, looking down into the valleys and deserts. They wind through the sand, among the yucca and prickly pear. They drop into the deep, magnificent gorge of the Colorado River and creep between the twisting river and the red sandstone ledges a thousand feet high.

One of the most interesting of these is the Hite road. It climbs the plateaus from Richfield on Highway 89 and winds down into the flame-colored gorges. Part of this road is so new that it is not shown on many maps. Part of it is very old and traverses ancient Indian trails. Part of it climbs up over 8,000 feet, where the heavy snows keep it buried until late spring. Part of it drops down to 3,400 feet, and crosses the Colorado by ferry at Hite in the upper reaches of Glen Canyon near the mouth of Trachyte Creek, a northern tributary. Figs and pomegranates and other semi-tropical fruits are raised here in a remote and sequestered paradise.

Willard Luce

MRS. ARTHUR CHAFFIN RUNS THE FERRY AT HITE ON THE COLORADO

Hite is the best known ford, and the only practical crossing for automobiles, along that lonely and perilous stretch of river between Navajo Bridge over Marble Canyon in northern Arizona, and Moab in eastern Utah. And, although far from a straight line, it is the shortest distance between Capitol Reef, near Fruita, and the Natural Bridges National Monument, some forty-seven miles from Blanding in the southeastern corner of Utah.

According to Western definition, a reef is an upthrust area with a cliff face; and that's a pretty good description of Capitol Reef National Monument. The roadway follows along the base of the craggy reef, switching back and forth down a dry stream bed. It climbs up past the Chimney Rock, and on up to the edge of Mummy Cliff; then it drops back down again.

At the bottom is Fruita, a small farming community in the heart of the Monument. The green of its fields and orchards makes a sharp contrast to the red sandstone ledges. In spring the peach and cherry and apricot blossoms offer an unforgettable sight against the green fields and red ledges.

Six miles farther on, the road enters Capitol Gorge. Here huge sandstone cliffs rise 1200 feet on either side of the chasm, which twists and turns, and finally squeezes down to The Narrows. In this shadowed place the gorge is only eighteen feet wide, but the ledges still rise a thousand feet in the air. The road and the dry stream bed are one and the same, an excellent place not to be during a flash flood!

AT Hanksville, the last town in this wilderness, the road turns south for several miles before swinging back towards the east and dropping down into North Wash. Down the wash, the road is rough. It crosses and recrosses the alkali-filled and cottonwood-lined watercourse. It bounces over the top of water-rounded stones, and wiggles through sand-filled stretches. And always it drops lower and lower, until it finally comes out onto the banks of the Colorado River, where the elevation is only 3,400 feet.

The seven-mile drive downriver between the cliffs and the stream is a breath-taking experience, with the canyon walls swinging in to crowd against the river, then retreating. The willows and the tamarisk hug the water's edge, while the desert primrose and prickly pear blossom on the rocky hillsides. It's an intensely colored country, a rugged, contrasting country.

The Hite ferry is a toll ferry, a wooden barge propelled by a gasoline engine. The great river at flood tide is 640 feet across, and its southeast brink is surmounted on the southeast side by an ancient stone fortress, standing aloof and lonely above the river. The ferry, in use all the year around, has been operated at times by a woman—Mrs. Arthur Chaffin—an expert at guiding the heavy barge which carries dozens of trucks and cars across the river every day.

After leaving the ferry the road climbs upwards again and crosses the rugged and mysterious White Canyon country forty-two miles to the Natural Bridges National Monument. In the Monument there are three large and picturesque nat-

ural bridges set roughly in a triangle, three miles apart, thus making a nine-mile hike in order to see them all. Besides the bridges, in this lofty chasm country, there are remote and protected Indian ruins, ancient petroglyphs, and wonderful scenery majestic in its loneliness and isolation—reaches of rockscape which even yet have not been completely explored.

The Owachomo natural bridge is only a short distance from the road, and is by far the best known of the three. The Sipapu, however, is larger and more impressive, revealing the patient work of winds and water over the long centuries. It has a span of 261 feet and arches 22 feet above the canyon floor. There is enough space beneath the bridge for the Capitol Building in Washington, D. C.

From the bridges the road climbs rapidly up past the strange mountain peaks called the Bear's Ears, and on over Elk Mountain, across many chasms to Blanding and Utah Highway 47.

It's a good dirt road, this wilderness road, but one not to be taken in bad weather. It is best in any weather to take along extra water, food, bedding, gas, and patching and repair materials for tires. It is a rough desert road into remote grandeur—a road full of adventure, stark beauty, and many surprises. Respect this road for what it is, and you'll have a once-in-a-lifetime trip.

Photograph on opposite page: The Narrows, Capitol Gorge, Capitol Reef National Monument, Utah. Photograph by Willard Luce.

"Seek After These Things"

(Verses for *The Relief Society Magazine*)

Rhea M. Carrick

Oh, little book, within your cover lies
The truths of heaven bared before our eyes.
There are beauties of earth and of the skies;
The love of friends and happy family ties.

Upon each page, some gracious, helpful thought—
In poetry or prose, it matters not—
God's plan to build a perfect life is taught;
Nor can it fail when his advice is sought.

Oh, little book, a clearer vision springs
From growth in knowledge of all lovely things,
Until the very heart itself takes wings
And, merged with sister hearts, contentment brings.

Your mission to the world has just begun,
You cannot falter till the race is run
And all God's children have become as one;
Content, at last to say, "Thy will be done."

My Paradise—Cowslip Hollow

Emily Wilkerson

THE sun came creeping slowly up the far side of the deep blue mountains in the distance, filling the lowlands with mist and shadow. The chill morning air tickled my nostrils until I filled both lungs with the refreshing breath, driving away all slumber. I dressed under the Balm of Gilead trees, aware only of the early morning songs of the thousands of birds. There was the plaintive call of the mourning dove that came from the surrounding hills. A meadow lark, just four yards away, sitting on the top of a fence post, soloed in turn, "Utah, Utah, Utah's a pretty little place!" From the willows below the house came the great chorus of blackbirds.

As the sun peeped over the dark hills, changing the misty pink clouds into bold golden-red, the chorus mounted into a glorious climax. Then the notes died sweetly away, as the birds dismissed their musical convention to go about their daily tasks.

The homeliness of chores about the farm never seemed to register their ugliness upon me, for my days were ushered in with music.

I followed the long string of milk cows along the north trail. The swishing of their tails, as they battled the natural pests of cows on a warm summer day, kept rhythm with the clicking of their heels and the steady ting, ting, of the bell on the lead cow.

The heat was beginning to shimmer up from the earth, bringing with it the pungent odor of sagebrush and the choking, fine dust from the beating of trails by many hard hoofs. I hugged my little lunch sack closer as the descent down the hill into the seep lands began. We slipped and slid over the bare ledge that sloped gently, the weather-worn ridges affording the beasts a toehold, then, on down the hillside we went, brushing roughly against the trees, and now and again curving about such sharp turns in the trail we fairly met ourselves coming down.

North Hollow offered patches of white and yellow clover, rich with sweet nectar, which the bees were busy gathering and taking to a little dark hole in a ledge to store for winter use.

The tall patches of wiregrass grew thick where the courses of the small streamlets came creeping out of the ground, each, in its own turn, slithering eastward until they all united to form a little waterfall over the last two ledges. There the stream would run and hide again in the soft sand that made up the valley below. There were the melons we had planted between the roots of gnarled cedar trees and the ledge. The little vines today were turning yellow. This, I knew, was a sign there were not the right things in the soil to raise melons.

By noon the cows, my pony, and I had moved one more hollow to the south—Cowslip Hollow, so called because of the large bed of wild cowslips that clustered about

the stream near the mouth of it. This hollow was my paradise. In it lived all anyone's imagination could create. There was little Yosemite Falls, which I used often for a shower bath. Not far from this, the great throne, on which one sat and imagined herself a queen. But best of all was the stage just below, with its organ behind it, its choir seats that tiered the whole hillside. When you were standing in the pit ready to conduct this choir, directly behind you and half a mile across the valley, were the great red ledges to echo and amplify the choir.

I found a beautiful tapered willow, and with this I led my choir. I had learned to whisper, and the soprano would whisper back. I could, if I was careful, pitch every part, and the choir would sing, and then the red ledges would answer back. The hills would come alive, and all those seats would fill, and we would sing, and I would thrill from head to toe.

This day, after my choir had rendered an anthem, and before the strains had fully died away, I turned and saw, sitting on his horse watching me, Duchesne George. His long black braids fell over each shoulder, and the familiar weather-beaten face smiled kindly. He nodded and pointed to the hills above and behind me and said, "You make 'em all talk, make talk more."

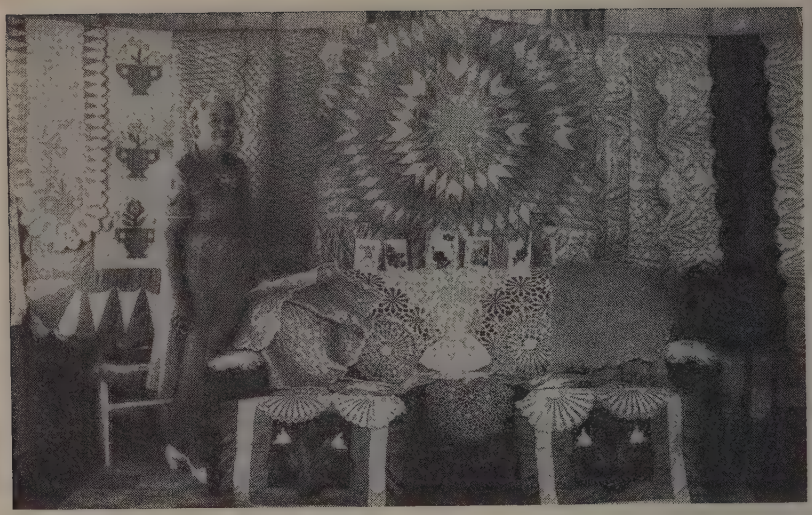
I smiled and nodded. Half forgetting my audience, I decided to play an organ interlude. I whispered, my hillside organ whispered, and far across the valley the red ledges whispered back. I went from note to note, releasing all I could remember of what the birds had told me in the early dawn. With the organ playing bird music, my great choir burst into song. I stood in my make-believe cathedral, a master of music, a composer of song. Again, as the last tremor of the organ was dying away, I looked behind me, for in my triumph I had forgotten the gentle Indian. He was gone. I could see him slowly riding south on the dusty road.

The shadows of evening were gathering; already my cathedral was chill. I mounted my pony and started my charges up the hill. We pushed our way over the topmost ridge and came through the cluster of cedars. The Master Painter was dipping the western sky with deep purple and flecking it with crimson and gold. In the east, behind us, the cotton clouds were touched with pink, and they floated softly in the blue dome of the sky.

Loneliness

Vesta N. Lukei

Without
An island shore
To edge with foam, the sea
Lies barren as a meadow with
No tree.



Chloe Call Later Makes Her Own Quilt Designs

Chloe Call Later, Rigby, Idaho, who recently celebrated her sixty-fourth birthday, has designed many silk quilts and other articles of exquisite handwork. She is an artist in free-hand design, and no two of her quilts are alike. Her patterns range from lovable bunnies to a "proposal under a weeping willow tree." This love of artistic expression began when Mrs. Later was a girl in Primary, when she pieced blocks to make a quilt top and presented the finished article to a needy family in the ward. Her first baby quilt, or carriage robe, was made in 1928 for her first grandchild. Since that date she has designed and made over two hundred silk quilts. She has also assisted in making hundreds of quilts in Relief Society and has directed the making of many other quilts. A soft, golden silk quilt is now being completed by Mrs. Later in anticipation of the graduation of one of her granddaughters. Each of her children, and every married grandchild has, to this date, received one of her lovely silk quilts. Mrs. Later's talents and industry also extend to many other types of handwork, including crocheting, embroidery, and the making of exquisite bags and greeting cards.

Mrs. Later has served in all of the Church auxiliary organizations, except the Sunday School. Her Relief Society activities have been extensive, including eight years as work director for Rigby Stake Relief Society, five years as president in Bremerton, Washington, ten years as a member of the sewing committee in Rigby Second Ward, and thirty six years as a visiting teacher. Mrs. Later is mother to nine children, grandmother to eighteen, and great-grandmother to two. She also does genealogy work and sings in the ward and stake choirs.

Communication

Dora Toone Brough

Prayer is a key God gave to us
Whereby we might commune with him;
To seek for wisdom, peace, and truth,
And keep faith's light from growing dim.

Willard Luce

A Sunken Window Garden

Celia Luce

MORE and more new homes are being built with basement rumpus or recreation rooms. But, unless the house is built into the hillside, the basement windows are usually tiny and in the basement wall, with the natural lighting having all the charm of a first-class dungeon. If the house is built to provide for large basement windows, it looks like a house on stilts.

A sunken garden adjacent to the basement window solves the problem beautifully. It allows for a large window in the basement room. It also presents a beautiful view from the inside. On eye level are the tops of the flowers, making them seem as though they were a part of the room. Behind the flowers, the retaining wall makes a lovely pattern background, and beyond is a glimpse of the rest of the garden.

The light from the large window makes the basement room as livable as the rooms upstairs.

From the outside, the sunken garden adds a delightful surprise to your landscaping. The retaining wall hides the flowers until one is very close, then a blaze of hidden flower beauty is suddenly discovered.

Today I Reveal Them

Rose A. Openshaw

NO one can steal the treasures of my childhood, which I have kept locked in a jewelled box in a remote corner of my heart. The jewels are composed of hope and joy and tears, and today, for the first time, I shall take them out one by one and reveal them.

Some of them, perhaps, may strike an echo in your own soul, for no doubt you have treasures that are quite similar.

These treasures are priceless; and while once they were concrete acts or objects or words, through memory they have resolved themselves into cherished scenes or pictures, and of these was the fulness of my childhood composed.

It was composed of being carried on my father's shoulders to church, until the gash in my foot, cut on broken glass in a stream, mended; or of mother holding the injured part over a plate of live coals, from which smoke from burning sugar twirled and swirled upward, to cure it.

Of finding a beautiful doll with brown hair and eyes on the only Christmas tree we ever had, long stockings hung from mantels over the fireplace being the usual order. Of hugging in rapture the wooden cradle my father in his tenderness made for my doll.

Or being unable to play, or scarcely to eat when mother's head ached; and of worrying and praying for her all the day long, when she made the horse and buggy trips to Phoenix, for sometimes the horse was balky and she might get hurt!

Of corn-roasts in which neighbors of all ages took part, and of the glorious game of "Run-Sheep-Run," played by all of us afterwards.

Of my chum and I being commended by our teachers for "always being prepared," and so privileged for out-of-door study. Of the fig tree between our homes where we nailed a box and daily placed notes when we couldn't visit each other.

Of being surprised, when I was ill, by the gift, from my sister Delta, of a gorgeous jade velvet hood, lace-decorated in ecru, for my doll, which has endeared my sister to me through all the long years that have followed.

Of helping my brother Frank locate and repair weak places in fences, working with redoubled energy after his words of praise that I was better help than the boys he had had.

Of getting up entertainments, aided by my chum, to which the entire village paid a nickel admission charge. Much of the program, of dialogues, tableaux, readings, and welcoming speeches was composed by ourselves.

Of being present for a campfire meal just as the desert's shadows were growing purple-faced from stretching their long limbs before retiring, and of smelling the aroma of potatoes, onions, and bacon stewing together, and the fragrance of hot bread fresh from a bake-oven.

Of standing around with my lit-

tle friends wondering if any food would be left, when the General Authorities from Salt Lake, or the county school superintendent, were served hot biscuits, mashed potatoes, stewed chicken, and gravy, and creamy rice pudding (as only my mother could make), and the table refused to accommodate all at one time.

OF tying, with my chum, in a Book of Mormon chapter-reading contest, and winning a beautiful, pearl-handled pen.

Of picking turkeys, both at Thanksgiving and Christmas, to earn money for Christmas presents for my parents. (Hard was the work for tender hands.) Of sponsoring sewing clubs so we could make pincushions and other items for gifts out of scraps of silks and ribbons. It was such joy to give!

And of my most dreaded task of all—taking milk five miles away to the dairy in the old buckboard (buggy) mornings. Five miles distant the dairy stood, and there was much to intimidate a small girl along the way.

Of gathering plums with the first tint of rose on their cheeks and burying them in a shallow hole in the moist earth, supposed to hasten ripening, then of digging them every day to see if they had matured.

Of helping my married sister, Etta, whose health was poor, with her laundry and dishes, and keeping her company nights, homesick to the core of my being for mother, with our house less than a block away.

Of riding to a Phoenix circus in the back of a wagon—seeing the strange animals and the unbelievable performance, and being treated at the noon-hour to what seemed a meal of meals—baker's bread and bologna.

Of visiting the ostrich farm in Phoenix, seeing the long, graceful plumes milliners fastened together to adorn hats and of seeing the huge, ivory-colored, massive-shelled eggs firsthand.

And of the incomparable happiness of hunting the first wild flowers of spring. Oh, the exultation that swelled my heart in the joy of discovering the fragile, fragrant blooms! Comparable it is today to finding glorious truths concealed in the tall green grass of books and sermons. Yet while these shall live on eternally, the flowers wilted before we finished our mile-long trek!

Too, how we thrilled to the loveliness of the first tiny eggs in the well-woven, basket-like nests, hidden away in the leaf-fluffy trees.

Oh, mine was a happy childhood—a happy, carefree existence, and made more so by the knowledge of the abiding love and unity existing between my parents, for never to my knowledge, did one unkind word ever pass between them. And I thank them—thank the dear ones from the bottom of my heart for saving me the heartaches, the stabbing grief and pain that would have cut so deeply into tender hearts had it been otherwise.

The Deeper Melody

Chapter 6

Alice Morrey Bailey

Synopsis: Steven Thorpe, a widower with three small children, is in love with Margaret Crain, a registered nurse who has taken care of his baby during an attack of pneumonia. Margaret's mother, a widow, is temporarily acting as Steven's housekeeper, and Margaret has accepted the position of night superintendent at the hospital until her marriage to Dr. Rex Harmon. In the meantime Steven has been made vice-president of the Pikes Peak Machinery Company and finds himself unwillingly accepting invitations from Miss Tate, his secretary. One night as Steven and Miss Tate are leaving the theatre they meet Margaret and Dr. Harmon.

STEVE had never seen Margaret out of uniform before, and he noticed how stunning she was, a second before he recognized her. From looking coldly elegant beside her partner, she suddenly turned radiant when she saw Steve.

"Steve!" she said, "Steve Thorpe."

Her greeting was so warm and friendly that her partner eyed him with suspicion, and he felt Miss Tate stiffen at his side. He introduced her to Margaret.

"Rex, this is Steve Thorpe, little Phyllis' father."

The two men shook hands civilly. Steve commented, "I thought you were on duty at this time of night," and she answered: "My night off!"

That was all. Certainly it wasn't enough to set free a strange hope in Steve's heart—a hope that flew on stunted wings and floundered to impotence. All night long he argued with himself that her look of glad recognition was nothing more than the cordial greeting of a friend, and all night he was haunted by it. He admitted ruefully, to himself, that Dr. Harmon was a distinguished looking man, in a distinguished profession, and was a perfect compliment of her chic beauty.

"When is this wedding?" he asked Mrs. Crain next morning at breakfast.

"Margaret's?"

"Yes, Margaret's. Exactly what day?"

"It will be on a Monday—two weeks from tomorrow," informed Mrs. Crain. "Hadn't you better be doing something about replacing me?"

"I can't replace you, Mother Crain," said Steve. He should have been thinking of that, the effect on his children, when Mrs. Crain would be gone and he had to plunge into the nightmare of a new regime. Instead, he had been thinking of himself—with Margaret lost to him forever, and his heart lunged in panic at the few days left.

"The children haven't taken to Mrs. Hall a bit, and I have only one more week with them, you know. Steve, you ought to get married."

"So I've heard," said Steve cryptically. "Any suggestions as to the victim?"

"That Miss Tate would marry you at the drop of a hat!"

"I don't love Miss Tate, nor does she love me for that matter."

"I wouldn't be surprised if you married her, or she married you,

just the same," said Mrs. Crain equably.

It stirred fury in Steve. "Mrs. Crain," he said, "I have been advised a number of times to remarry. Each time my advisor has said the same as you say, you *should remarry*. Each has neglected to suggest that I fall in love again. I have always had an idea that two people should love each other, in order to marry. Perhaps I am old-fashioned or juvenile in my thinking. Perhaps I should be set straight on this."

MRS. Crain sat up and looked at Steve in surprise. "My land! You're just as right as you can be, Steve. I know I would feel the same, even at my age, if I were considering getting married, but here I go advising you to just get married, without any feeling at all, just as a matter of convenience." She put her chin in her hand, considering. "Still, I know literally hundreds of couples who are married who don't really love each other," she went on. "Some of them respect each other, though, and it seems to work out pretty well. Maybe you ought to think of that, Steve. You do need a wife—and your little ones need a mother. Maybe you will never love again, and . . . ."

"I do love again, Mrs. Crain, and anything less is not good enough for me. I love your daughter. I love Margaret."

"So you love Margaret," Mrs. Crain said after a long moment. "I might have known."

"You see how hopeless it is?"

"Does Margaret know this?"

"Certainly not. She has enough to think about, without me being a nuisance to her."

"It is never a nuisance for a woman to know a man loves her."

"You can't be serious! At this late date? It was already too late when I met her. You know that."

"I don't know any such thing—but it will be in two more weeks."

"What are you saying?" A pulse was thudding heavily in Steve. "What would Margaret say to all this?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Mrs. Crain coolly. "But I think any girl has the right to choose between the men who love her."

"Of course!" agreed Steve, directly hit by her logic. He went swiftly to the telephone and called Margaret. Her sleepy voice ran through his veins like an electric shock.

"I have to see you, Margaret."

"Is anything wrong? Phyllis? Mother?"

"Everyone is fine. Could I come and see you right away?"

"Steve!" There was a long silence, then her voice came small and miserable. "I'm sorry. Dr. Harmon is free today. He'll be here for me in half an hour."

"This afternoon, then? Before you go on duty?"

"We're going for a drive. We'll not be back until barely time for me to get into my uniform."

"How about tonight, when you come off duty?" Steve persisted.

"He's picking me up then."

"Is there any time when I can see you?"

"Saturday. It's my day off . . . ."

"This won't wait until Saturday," said Steve desperately.

"Can't you tell me now, over the phone?" Margaret suggested. "Give me some idea what you have in mind."

"It concerns you and me, Margaret, and I don't want to discuss it over the telephone."

"I think I'd better not see you—at all," said Margaret, her voice suddenly weak.

"As you wish," said Steve through stiff lips, and hung up, his hope deflated.

WHY had her voice changed? Why had she not made some way for him to see her? Steve was sure she could have. Had she guessed his message? Of course she had, and certainly she wouldn't want to see him. He was a fool to hope, anyway. What woman in her right mind would want a man with a family of children, the position of being a second wife?

Still, Steve himself had rather rosy prospects. Being vice-president of PPMC was no small thing, and J. T. had assured him that he would not only become its president, but its eventual owner. Nevertheless, Steve felt anything but secure. It depended solely upon him—if he could increase his capacity to cover all the responsibilities, and he was not sure he could. Some inward adversity seemed to dog him since he acquired his new status, some loss of self-assurance, and he wondered if the seeds of eventual failure were deep within him.

He studied, he worked, he went over old ledgers and old methods, crammed on facts about their clientele. He knew selling and business management all right, and had a pretty good knowledge of machinery, but he soon learned that the head of a company must know every man's job almost better than he did himself. The company was staffed with experts, so Steve spent hours in each department, not sparing himself. Each morning he went forth determined to be fully adequate for the day's requirements, but each night's appraisal left much to be desired in his own opinion.

Some of it, he knew, stemmed from his domestic problem, fear and concern for his children, their rearing with hired help, and some of it, most surely, was a result of his frustrated love for Margaret, and of his shock in finding in himself the ability to love again, with the alternate fire and ice of hope and despair. Now, after this morning's conversation with her, she seemed again completely beyond his reach.

The work into which he had resolved to plunge was there waiting for him when he arrived; the men had already started to load the heavy machinery of a new order onto the flatcars. Steve charged into J. T.'s office.

"I thought you said we'd change that cable before we started loading another order," he said furiously.

"Steve, but do you realize this is the Kettle Creek machinery we're loading—and it's several weeks overdue now."

"I don't care whose machinery it is," said Steve. "If you don't give the order to stop it, I will."

"You give it then," said J. T. softly. "I wondered just how long before you would. I have been watching you, boy. You've been addled a lot of times when your mind should have been clear, and your stand firm. You're still thinking in terms of a salesman. A word to the foreman the minute you saw that cable needed fixing, would have done it. In fact, he should

have seen it and told you. I was beginning to be a mite disappointed in the future head of the company."

"You mean you were baiting me all along?" Steve demanded hotly. "And if so, why do it when men's lives are in danger?"

"You don't test a man in extremity without an extremity," said J. T.

"You old walrus!" Steve took time to say before he went down the ramp to stop the crane.

IT was too late, for even as he lifted his arm to signal, the cable broke, plunging a roll-crusher sickeningly between the flatcar and the dolley. Fortunately for Sam Dillon, who was directly underneath, the edge of the car broke the fall, or he would have been killed instantly. As it was his upper thigh was struck.

The men were organized in safety, and it was only a few amazing seconds until an ambulance was there and Sam was on the way to the hospital. Steve ran for his car and followed.

The day was a nightmare of waiting outside Sam's door, breaking the news to Sam's wife, comforting her, waiting outside the operating room while Sam was in surgery, but Sam finally woke up from the anaesthesia to give him a wavery grin.

"The doctor says you're going to be all right, guy," he said. "We'll take care of the family, so don't worry."

Then Steve decided he wouldn't leave because an accident had brought him to Margaret's hospital, and at three o'clock she would be on duty somewhere within it. He was going to see her whether she wished him to or not. He curbed himself to wait until three-twenty so that any business might be cleared away, then he sought the main floor and the door marked "Superintendent of Nurses."

She was at her desk, and, miraculously alone. She looked up from her work and joy flooded her face.

"Steve!" she said, rising and putting an impulsive hand out to him, a hand which Steve tried not to crush. "Steve, how nice to see you." He saw her remember that morning's conversation, and then flush.

"It is good," said Steve, searching her face. It was as he remembered it, the clean line of her jaw, the wide, clear brown brows beneath the white wing of her cap, the smooth skin and the sweet upturn of her mouth. Light from a nearby window made her eyes seem a translucent blue, her teeth translucent pearl, when she smiled, and touched a satin patch on one cheek where Steve longed to kiss. "It was very good—so good that I had to see you again. Have you forgotten us?"

"Oh, no, not forgotten. I think of you a great deal—and the babies, but I thought it best for me and for the children—and for you, Steve, for me not to come again."

Oh! So she had guessed, just as he thought, and was trying to discourage his romantic intentions. Well, it was too late for that. "I can't forget you, Margaret. My house is haunted by you. I have to talk to you. Right now."

"I'm on duty, Steve," she hedged. "The hospital rules . . . ."

"I have to break down a barrier

somewhere. It might as well be hospital rules!"

FOR answer she picked up the telephone. "Don't disturb me except for an emergency," she told the operator. She went over and closed her door, drew up a chair for Steve, and resumed her seat behind her desk.

"Now," she said, "go ahead."

Steve was suddenly disconcerted. Now that he had his way, he was overwhelmed with doubts. This was not the time nor the place to tell Margaret his love. It was certainly not the circumstances he wanted. He had imagined hours of conversation preceding his declaration. If he must blurt it out in these sterile surroundings, this clinical atmosphere, what little chance it had would come to nothing.

On the other hand, if all her free time was devoted to Dr. Harmon, and she was avoiding him, and would not see him voluntarily, this moment loomed up as his single opportunity. This most important moment of his life was threatened every moment with interruption, threatened by this fear which paralyzed his tongue. J. T.'s words came starkly to him ". . . you have been addled a lot of times when your mind should have been clear." There came to him a deep truth, the race is already lost to the timid, the doubtful, the ones lacking in faith.

Margaret was watching him, and he realized he had been gazing at her while he thought. He took a deep breath and straightened in his chair, acting a courage which he did not feel.

"I came to tell you that I love you," he said. "I want you to be my wife."

(To be continued)

Morning Is Her Delight

Lael W. Hill

Morning is her delight—she wakens smiling,
Barefoot, she dances over the dawn-cool floor;
She runs from one room to another, eager, calling
In formless words, finding new day everywhere.

Still in her small white gown, she slips out softly;
Sky is no brighter than her sky-bright eyes.
Only the breeze can touch a leaf more deftly;
Sparrows turn toward her laugh, lawn tickles her toes.

Captured at last into shoes and a dress for playing,
Given the usual toys (soon scattered and spilled)
She watches for sun through windows with curtains blowing . . . .
Morning is her delight, she is morning's child.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Elizabeth H. Zimmerman

WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FIRST AND SECOND BRANCHES, CHILDREN'S CLOTHING MODELED AT BAZAAR, November 7, 1953

Left to right: John Felt, modeling boy's suit; Paula Fairbanks, wearing a housecoat; Lynn Car, wearing a jumper and jacket; Dianne Armstrong, wearing a skirt and waistcoat; Brenda Prince, wearing a party dress.

One hundred fifty pieces of children's clothing were made for this bazaar, held in the Edmonton meetinghouse. Six other display sections were represented, including eighty aprons, fourteen quilts, 180 pounds of chocolates, several pieces of linens, 106 novelties, and six hundred cookbooks. Relief Society presidents are: Melba McMullin, Edmonton First Branch, and Hattie Jensen, Edmonton Second Branch.

Elizabeth H. Zimmerman is president of the Western States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by JennaVee Hall

GOODING STAKE (IDAHO), HAGERMAN WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS
Photograph taken at the opening social, September 29, 1953

Front row, left to right: Celia Jacobson; Elda Haycock; Bishop Gold; President Venice Prince; Secretary Eileen Low; Second Counselor Elaine Pugmire; First Counselor Blanche Allred; Charlot Watson, visiting teacher message leader.

Second row, left to right: Flora Chatterton; Wilma Larson; Nora Barlogi; Stella Farnsworth; Ethel Boyer; Twila Bendorf; Helen Allen; Lavern Allen.

Third row, left to right: Odetta Stringer; Alta Sherwood; Donna Claiborne; Thelma Green; Edna Kenitzer; Iris Pugmire; Rella Finch; Georgia Clark.

JennaVee Hall is president of Gooding Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Anna H. Toone

CANADIAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN TORONTO, November 7, 1953

Anna H. Toone, President, Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports that this conference was unusually successful: "We had 185 Relief Society sisters in attendance.

From the two branches Timmins and Sault St. Marie twelve sisters traveled one thousand miles to attend this conference. Some of these had never been in a Latter-day Saint meetinghouse before, as they had met in little groups of from twenty to forty members. There were two sessions held, and lunch was served. A display of handwork and welfare from the various branches was exhibited. It was a glorious occasion; the spirit of the Lord was present in rich abundance. Those who were present were enthusiastic and stimulated in Relief Society work."

Photograph submitted by Muriel S. Wallis

UINTAH STAKE (UTAH), DAVIS WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR
October 1953

Left to right: Vera Olsen, President; Viola Goodrich, First Counselor; Cora Cook, work meeting leader; Stella Sadleir, Second Counselor.

As a summer sewing project the members of Davis Ward Relief Society made 121 different types of articles from colorful feed bags. These articles were displayed at the county and State fairs. They were then sold at the Relief Society bazaar. This unusually successful project was outstanding in the great variety of useful articles made and the fine spirit of co-operation developed among the sisters.

Muriel S. Wallis is president of Uintah Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Elsie J. Brinkerhoff

KANAB STAKE (UTAH), ORDERVILLE WARD, TWELVE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, seated, left to right: Lillian B. Carroll (1924-27); Martha Porter (1927-33); Lucy H. Esplin (1933-36); Chastie Esplin (1936-40); Mercy Chamberlain (1940-44).

Back row, standing, left to right: Bessie E. Brooksby (1944-46); Velma B. Carroll (1947-49); Mahalia T. Sorensen (1947-1949); Arvilla J. Heaton (1949-1950) and 1952 -); Helen A. Neilson (1950-52).

Inserts: left, Helen Jane Palmer (1917-21), now a resident of St. George; right, Emma Seegmiller Higbee (1904-17), now a resident of Cedar City.

All of these women, except the two last mentioned, who have moved away, are still loyal and active members of the Orderville Relief Society.

Elsie J. Brinkerhoff is president of Kanab Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Helen B. Walker

POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY HONORS VISITING TEACHERS OVER SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD

Front row, seated at the left: Kezia McDonald and Marie Ames; at right: Margaretta Coffin and Ruth Morgan.

Second row, standing, left to right: Martha Richards; Elizabeth Rupp; Mary Breedlove; Bertha Meyers; Alice Hayball; Sarah Gray; Anna Belnap; Harriett Peterson; Lillie Reddish; Margaret Norman; Gertrude Watson; Necha Barron; Eliza Jackson; Agnes Whitmore; Lucy Richards.

Third row, standing, left to right: Bertha Pieper, First Counselor; Helen Walker, President, Pocatello Stake Relief Society; Hermoine Horton, Second Counselor.

At a party given to honor the visiting teachers of the stake, special recognition was accorded to these sisters, all of them over seventy-five years of age. A short history of the Relief Society service of each woman was given and each was presented with a corsage.

Way Down Inside

Margaret Lundstrom

"THERE'S a homely little fellow!" The woman in front of me nudged her companion as she spoke.

"I should say so!" came the reply. "Like a mud fence, he is."

Jimmy walked on across the stage, his straight little body intent as he carried the Cub Scout banner proudly.

Is Jimmy homely? I wondered. I'd never thought so. And if Tom had, he'd never told me. Wouldn't we know, when we'd looked at him every day for eight years?

Think of the way he got up in the morning, his eyes bright from sleep as he chirped, "Good morning, Mother, I *love* you!"; or the smile he gave the doctor when he was told he had the mumps, and it was the day before the school picnic.

"It hurts so much to smile," he said, his voice a whisper, since it had to squeeze past the lump in his throat, "that I guess I couldn't probably stand it to cry, so that's why I'm not."

And the day Annie left the gate open, and the puppy got out, and the busy street with its inevitable car. I dreaded telling him, piling his heartache and tears on top of my own. But he put his arm about my shoulders and rubbed his snubby, freckled nose against my cheek and whispered, "That's all right, Mommy. Don't cry."

I looked again at Jimmy as he stood there on the stage, over at one side, now. And when I looked at the backs of the women in front of me, and I thought: you don't really see Jimmy. If you did . . . .

And all the way home, walking along the shaded streets with his plump, sticky little fingers entwined through mine, I kept trying to think of something. Something like "Beauty is only skin deep," only, of course, that wasn't it. The irony of it made me chuckle. Jimmy's fingers squeezed mine and his round face turned up to me.

"You're laughing at yourself, aren't you, Mom?"

"Yes. But how'd you know?"

He skipped twice on one foot, and scuffed a stray leaf from the toe of one shoe.

"We-e-ll . . ." he drawled thoughtfully, "it came from way down inside you." He skipped again. "And it was quiet, like nobody else had to hear if they didn't want to."

It was after that, maybe a dozen steps nearer home, that I felt the pity. It was a heavy thing in my chest, and it was for those two women who had sat in front of me who hadn't been able to see a little boy's beautiful heart because it lay behind a plain, little face.

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Bathroom Tricks

POTTED PLANTS IN THE BATHROOM

Elizabeth Williamson

Bathrooms become enriched and more attractive by adding small pots of flowers or leafy plants. A metal container on the tile dressing table is especially effective. The most charming effect is a philodendron which grows up and across the top of the room, or around the dressing table.

Hurry Home

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Someone fashioned for loving
Is waiting your return,
Cheering the place
With diminutive grace
And sweet, blue-eyed concern.

Someone heart-warmed and fragrant,
Petal-soft and new,
Has come to stay
And spends all day
Reminding me of you.

Brighten the Corner Where You Are

Caroline Eyring Miner

IT was one good man's philosophy that one was never fully dressed until he had "put on a smile." Since I was a child and learned to sing lustily, "Little Purple Pansies," with the lines: "We are very tiny, but must try, try, try, just one spot to gladden, you and I," I have believed with all my heart that it was our very great responsibility to be cheerful and thus to lighten the burdens of those about us.

It is not nearly so important in life what happens to us as the way we take what happens to us. Some people have the happy faculty of making steppingstones out of obstacles, and some have the great misfortune of making mountains of trouble out of molehills.

My mother had sheer genius for living a gloriously complete and happy life in the midst of poverty and adversity. As a little girl, she tried to work her "Happy Game" on her younger brothers and sisters. Living in Mexico in the early days of Latter-day Saint colonization was very difficult, and sometimes the families were hungry. I have heard my uncle tell how mother would say to him, "Now, Thomas, you know you've had all the pancakes you could eat. You've really had plenty," and he had nodded assent, although he hardly knew why.

Mother has seen good in everything that has come to her, and so has been remarkably cheerful and has cheered others. Her humble home has always been to her the most wonderful home a person could ever have, her children the kindest and most considerate, her town the most friendly. And so they were to her. She saw the silver lining while it was still dark to others.

"It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear that are making the sunshine everywhere." In the midst of sorrow and confusion, it would be well for each person to feel a personal responsibility to "put on a smile" and "make a little sunshine wherever he goes."

Spring Fantasy

Verda Mackay

If you're searching for adventure
You needn't go away;
You'll find it in your own back yard
On any fine spring day.

Start looking at the butterflies
Awhirl like colored snow,
Walk softly through the slender grass
The gentle breezes blow.

So linger in the sun-warmed light,
You'll know true peace of mind.
It's the best form of adventure
That anyone can find.

Our Town

Evelyn Fjeldsted

The past records that once our town
Could be circled by a morning ride.
Yucca lily plots and cactus beds
Thrived in dust storms far and wide.

With guided streams, wild sagebrush tracts
Became a land where sunlight fell
On homes and fields that were enclosed
By hills that formed a citadel.

The hawk still hangs aloof in skies
That bend above tranquility;
The prairie wolf is heard no more—
Our town has walked with destiny.

Orchard in Bloom

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

A thousand constellations
Have made this plum tree white
A Milky Way of fragrance
Has paused on earth tonight.

The apricot is festooned
With living Pleiades,
And never stars of heaven
More radiant than these.

And light was never whiter
Than this syringa hedge,
And never was there cherry
To swear a whiter pledge.

More white than hills of winter
This fragrant living snow,
More luminous than stardust,
More warm than moonlight glow.

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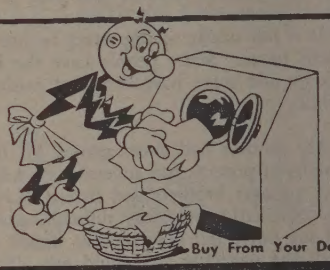

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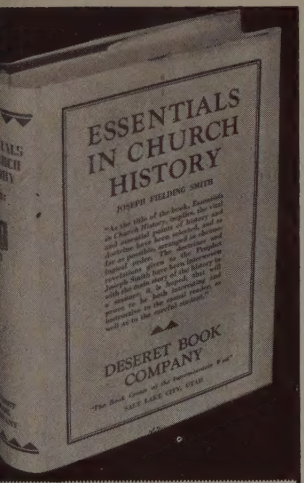

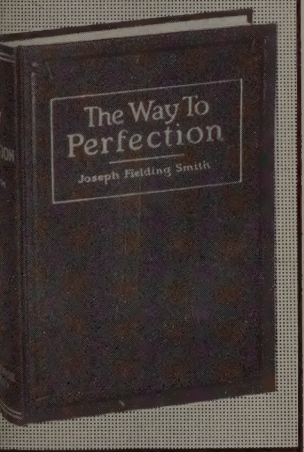

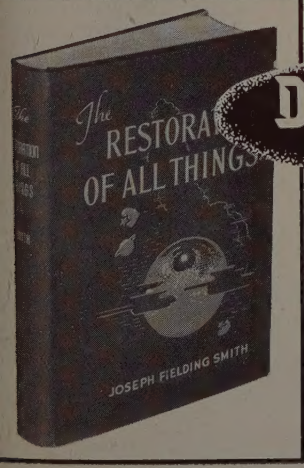

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